THE HALE LITERARY READERS

BOOK ONE

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THE HALE LITERARY READERS

BOOK ONE

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By Edward Everett Hale

Professor of English, Union College

Author of

Constructive Rhetoric, Lowell,
William H. Seward, Dramatists of To-day,
Life and Letters of Edward Everett Hale

Illustrated with portraits
by Mary E. Schanck

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THE HOUSE OF APPLIED KNOWLEDGE

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It would not be easy to match the distinctive quality which Edward Everett Hale has given these books of literature for young people. There is, first of all, his choice of representative prose and verse from writers who are well worth knowing. Through his exceptionally wide acquaintance with literature, he has been able to find selections that appeal to varied interests and set a standard of good taste in reading that is surely needed to-day. And with real charm of style he has written the paragraphs of biography which make the authors known to us as distinct personalities. World Book Company is glad to make available, in compact and inexpensive form, literature which is so fundamentally sound and which is too often crowded out of the curriculum of the upper grammar grades and the junior high school

HLR: 1-1

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PREFACE

"In anything fit to be called by the name of reading, the process itself should be absorbing and voluptuous." It was Robert Louis Stevenson who said this in "A Gossip on Romance." "We should gloat over a book," he goes on, "be rapt clean out of ourselves, and rise from the perusal, our minds filled with the busiest kaleidoscopic dance of images, incapable of sleep or of continuous thought." Everybody knows such reading, both grown-up people and boys and girls. With grown-up people it is not the commonest kind of reading, partly because they so often read merely for information, and partly because when they read for pleasure they have become used to reading for something more than the story alone. But with boys and girls this is the commonest kind of reading; they become absorbed in the story which they read, just as younger children become absorbed in the stories that some one tells them. Not all books, of course, — not even all stories, — have the power to hold our minds in this way, but the books we like take us out of ourselves for a time just as Stevenson says.

With such absorbed interest has Stevenson himself often been read, and with such interest doubtless every writer would like to be read. It is with some such feeling that a writer, at his best, does his writing. Wilkie Collins, whose novels gave pleasure to thousands, once said, as he began to work on "The Woman in White," "No one else will ever enjoy it half as much as I do." To get this pure enjoyment from literature, or from any art, or indeed from anything else, is one of the great pleasures of life.

Yet Stevenson's words are a counsel of perfection, as is said, or an ideal not always to be reached. "It was for this last pleasure," he goes on in the same essay, "that we read so closely and loved our books so dearly in the bright troubled period of boyhood." So also may one read in the bright, and it may be troubled, period of girlhood, but in after life such reading becomes more rare. Rare or not, however, it may always be an ideal — our reach being beyond our grasp, as Browning says. It is something that a teacher of literature is inclined to forget, that the great thing about literature is that it may be a deep delight to men and women. Sometimes it may seem that there are things in the study of literature which prevent its being a delight to us or any one else. But that is often the way in this world. Think of any of the games we play; to play them well we often have to work in a way that in itself is not delightful at all. But we should never wholly forget that enjoyment, the highest kind of enjoyment, is the object of our study of literature.

So the chief object in mind in making selection for this series of Readers has been to pick out things that boys and girls would like to read. This plan has its difficulties, to be sure. What is interesting to one reader may not be interesting to another; for instance, what has been interesting to the boys and girls of an earlier generation may not be interesting to the boys and girls of to-day. But in spite of difficulties, we must do what we can, for what is the value of literature if it is not interesting? If people are not interested in literature, they will not read it, and then it will remain unread. And if it is not read by any one, it is not really literature.

And there are some other things to think of. Stevenson

goes on to tell how in the days of his boyhood he read chiefly for "a certain sort of incident," for a kind of romance, as he afterward explained. He liked a story to begin in an old wayside inn where "toward the close of the year 17—, several gentlemen in three-cocked hats were playing bowls." But he says also that while he sought for the kind of incident that delighted him, "eloquence and thought, character and conversation, were but obstacles to brush aside." And of course there comes a time when romantic incident has not so much charm as it used to have, even of the three gentlemen playing bowls, or of the pirate of the Malabar Coast, or a highwayman clattering along the moonlit lane — when incidents of such delightful color begin to fail to hold our attention and we begin to care more for character and conversation, thought and eloquence. There are those who never lose their love for striking incident and exciting story, but even for them (as for Stevenson himself as he grew up) there are other things in literature.

To show these different interests in literature is the purpose of these Readers. In this first book we have more stories than anything else — stories of all sorts, from the pure fancy of "Alice in Wonderland" to the tales of adventure of Stevenson and the stories of common life of Charles Dickens, or from the Indian legends collected by Schoolcraft or Leland to the refined imagination of Hawthorne or the humor of Addison. But even in stories one may have something besides incident; so in some of these stories one will find "conversation and character." And we are not without "eloquence and thought," to go on with Stevenson's words, though there is not much in this first book of the series. The time will come in the lives

of some of our readers when they will have as deep an interest in poetry and essay as they have now in incident and story. So even early in one's experience of literature one should have a little of the best of these things, if only to arouse a taste that may sometime become a source of new pleasure.

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"The Hale Literary Readers" are essentially a revision of the author's "Hawthorne Readers," with extensive additions, and the courteous permissions to reprint that were accorded him for "The Hawthorne Readers" are acknowledged in the list above.

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BOOK ONE

RALEIGH'S CLOAK

By Sir Walter Scott

WALTER SCOTT

The Wizard of the North, as Sir Walter Scott was justly called, was born in Edinburgh, Aug. 15, 1771. He was a delicate boy and passed much of his childhood in the country, where he became familiar with the anecdotes and legends of the Scottish border. He was not particularly studious, but was always fond of inventing and telling tales. Scott wrote his poems first and won considerable reputation as a historical poet. Of his poetical works the best are "Marmion" and "The Lady of the Lake." His first novel, "Waverley," was published anonymously: it met with instant success, and was followed by a number of others, among which were "Ivanhoe," "Kenilworth," and "Quentin Durward." His novels brought in a great deal of money, but the failure of the publishing firm in which he was interested involved him in debt; so he set to work writing novels again, and kept at his labors until he had paid the obligation. But the strain was so great that his health gave way, and he died Sept. 21, 1832.

The following selection is from "Kenilworth," one of the "Waverley Novels," the scene of which is laid in the time of Elizabeth.

THE royal barge, manned with the queen's watermen richly attired in the regal liveries, and having the banner of England displayed, lay at the great stairs which ascended from the river.

The yeomen of the guard, the tallest and most handsome men whom England could produce, guarded the passage from the palace gate to the river-side, and all seemed in readiness for the queen's coming forth, although the day was yet so early.

Walter Raleigh caused the boat to be pulled toward a landing-place at some distance from the principal one, which it would not, at that moment, have been thought respectful to approach, and jumped on shore, followed, though with reluctance, by his cautious and timid companions.

As they approached the gate of the palace, one of the sergeant porters told them they could not at present enter, as her Majesty was in the act of coming forth.

"Nay, I told you as much before," said Blount; "do, I pray you, my dear Walter, let us take boat and return."

"Not till I see the queen come forth," returned the youth, composedly.

"Thou art mad, stark mad!" answered Blount.

"And thou," said Walter, "art turned coward of the sudden. Thou wouldst blink and go back to shun the frown of a fair lady!"

At this moment the gates opened, and ushers began to issue forth in array, preceded and flanked by the band of gentlemen pensioners. After these came the queen, amid a crowd of lords and ladies.

The young cavalier we have so often mentioned had probably never yet approached so near the person of his sovereign, and he pressed forward as far as the line of warders permitted, in order to avail himself of the present opportunity. Unbonneting, he fixed his eager gaze on the queen's approach, with a mixture of respectful curiosity, and modest yet ardent admiration, which suited so well with his fine features, that the warders, struck with his rich attire and noble countenance, suffered him to approach the ground over which the queen was to pass somewhat closer than was permitted to ordinary spectators. The night had been rainy, and, just where the young gentleman stood, a little pool of muddy water interrupted the queen's passage. As she hesitated to pass on, the gallant, throwing his cloak from his shoulders, laid it on the miry spot, so as to insure her stepping over it dryshod. Elizabeth looked at the young man, who accompanied this act of devoted courtesy with a profound reverence, and a blush that overspread his whole countenance. The queen was confused, and blushed in her turn, nodded her head, hastily passed on, and embarked in her barge without saying a word.

"Come along, Sir Coxcomb," said Blount; "your gay cloak will need the brush to-day, I wot."

"This cloak," said the youth, taking it up and

folding it, "shall never be brushed while in my possession."

Their discourse was here interrupted by one of the band of pensioners.

"I was sent," said he, after looking at them attentively, "to the gentleman who hath no cloak, or a muddy one. You, sir, I think," addressing the younger cavalier, "are the man; you will please follow me."

So saying, he walked away, followed by Walter, leaving the others behind. The young cavalier was guided to the waterside by the pensioner, who showed him considerable respect. He ushered him into one of the wherries which lay ready to attend the queen's barge, which was already proceeding up the river.

The two rowers used their oars with such expedition at the signal of the gentleman pensioner, that they very soon brought their little skiff under the stern of the queen's boat, where she sat beneath an awning, attended by two or three ladies, and the nobles of her household. At length one of the attendants, by the queen's order apparently, made a sign for the wherry to come alongside, and the young man was desired to step from his own skiff into the queen's barge, which he performed with graceful agility at the fore part of the boat, and was brought aft to the queen's presence, the wherry at

the same time dropping to the rear. The youth underwent the gaze of majesty not the less gracefully that his self-possession was mingled with embarrassment. The mud-dyed cloak still hung upon his arm, and formed the natural topic with which the queen introduced the conversation.

"You have this day spoiled a gay mantle in our behalf, though the manner of offering it was unusual, and somewhat bold."

"In a sovereign's need," answered the youth, "it is each liegeman's duty to be bold."

"Well, young man," said the queen, "your gallantry shall not go unrewarded. Go to the wardrobe keeper, and he shall have orders to replace the suit which you cast away in our service. Thou shalt have a suit, and that of the newest cut, I promise thee, on the word of a princess."

"May it please your grace," said Walter, hesitating, "it is not for so humble a servant of your Majesty to measure out your bounties; but if it became me to choose —"

"Thou wouldst have gold, I warrant me," said the queen, interrupting him. "I take shame to say that, in our capital, such and so various are the means of thriftless folly, that to give gold to youth is giving fuel to fire, and furnishing them with the means of self-destruction."

Walter waited patiently until the queen had done,

and then modestly assured her that gold was still less his wish than the raiment her Majesty had before offered.

"How, boy!" rejoined the queen, "neither gold nor garment? What wouldst have of me, then?"

"Only permission, madam — if it is not asking too high an honor — permission to wear the cloak which did you this trifling service."

"Permission to wear thine own cloak, thou silly boy?" said the queen.

"It is no longer mine," said Walter. "When your Majesty's foot touched it, it became a fit mantle for a prince, but far too rich a one for its former owner."

The queen again blushed, and endeavored to cover, by laughing, a slight degree of not unpleasing surprise and confusion.

"The youth's head is turned with reading romances. I must know something of him that I may send him safe to his friends. What art thou?"

"Raleigh is my name, most gracious queen, the youngest son of a large but honorable family of Devonshire."

"Raleigh?" said Elizabeth, after a moment's recollection. "Have we not heard of your service in Ireland?"

"I have been so fortunate as to do some service there, madam," replied Raleigh; "scarce, however, of consequence sufficient to reach your Grace's ears."

"Hark ye, Master Raleigh," said the queen, "see thou fail not to wear thy muddy cloak, in token of penitence, till our pleasure be further known. And here," she added, giving him a jewel of gold in the form of a chessman, "I give thee this to wear at the collar."

Raleigh knelt, and as he took from her hand the jewel, kissed the fingers which gave it.

watermen: boatmen.

livery: a particular dress or uniform worn by servants.

yeomen of the guard: the bodyguard of the sovereign.

porters: doorkeepers.

gentlemen pensioners: now called gentlemen-at-arms; a band of forty gentlemen and their six officers, all entitled esquires, whose office it is to attend the sovereign on ceremonial occasions.

wherry: a light, shallow rowboat.

liegeman: one bound to service to another under the feudal law; here a subject.

WHO counts himself as nobly born
Is noble in despite of place.
And honors are but brands, to one
Who wears them not with nature's grace.

Then dost thou come of gentle blood,
Disgrace not thy good company:
If lowly born, so bear thyself
That gentle blood may come of thee.

ANONYMOUS.

SONGS

By Charles Kingsley

CHARLES KINGSLEY

Charles Kingsley (June 12, 1819 — Jan. 23, 1875) was a clergyman who rose to distinction in the Church and at the University, but whose admirers know him best as rector of Eversley, a parish in Hampshire, England. There he lived for thirty-three years, caring for his people and writing books which had great influence upon the public questions of his day. He was of a kindly nature, always ready to help the needy and defend the oppressed, and was courageous in attacking public wrongs. Kingsley's reputation as a writer rests chiefly upon his novels "Hypatia" and "Westward Ho," which contain some of the most beautiful pieces of description in our language. As a poet he wrote little, although he had not only skill in writing verse but genuine power to touch the heart. "The Three Fishers" and "The Sands of Dee," which have been set to music, are his best-known ballads. The latter is found in the group of songs offered here. The first of the group is from "Water Babies," a delightful tale written for children.

I. The Old, Old Song

WHEN all the world is young, lad,
And all the trees are green;
And every goose a swan, lad,
And every lass a queen;

Then hey for boot and horse, lad,
And round the world away;
Young blood must have its course, lad,
And every dog his day.

When all the world is old, lad,
And all the trees are brown;
And all the sport is stale, lad,
And all the wheels run down;
Creep home and take your place there,
The spent and maimed among;
God grant you find one face there
You loved when all was young.

II. The Sands of Dee

"O MARY, go and call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
Across the sands of Dee!"
The western wind was wild and dank with foam,
And all alone went she.

The western tide came up along the sand,
And o'er and o'er the sand,
And round and round the sand,
As far as eye could see;
The rolling mist came down and hid the land,
And never home came she.

Oh! is it weed, or fish, or floating hair,
A tress of golden hair,
Of drownèd maiden's hair
Above the nets at sea?
Was never salmon yet that shone so fair
Among the stakes at Dee!

They rowed her in across the rolling foam,
The cruel, crawling foam,
The cruel, hungry foam,
To her grave beside the sea;
But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home
Across the sands of Dee.

III. A Farewell

MY fairest child, I have no song to give you;
No lark could pipe to skies so dull and gray:
Yet ere we part, one lesson I can leave you
For every day.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever
Do noble things, not dream them all day long.
And so make life, death, and that vast Forever;
One grand, sweet song.

IV. A Myth

A-FLOATING, a-floating
Across the sleeping sea,
All night I heard a singing bird
Upon the topmast tree.

"Oh, came you from the isles of Greece
Or from the banks of Seine?
Or off some tree in forests free
That fringe the western main?"

"I came not off the old world,
Nor yet from off the new;
But I am one of the birds of God
Which sing the whole night through."

"Oh, sing and wake the dawning!
Oh, whistle for the wind!
The night is long, the current strong,
My boat it lags behind."

"The current sweeps the old world,
The current sweeps the new;
The wind will blow, the dawn will glow,
Ere thou hast sailed them through."

MRS. PETERKIN GOES TO RIDE

By Lucretia Peabody Hale

LUCRETIA PEABODY HALE

LUCRETIA P. HALE was born in Boston, Sept. 2, 1820, and died at Waverley, June 12, 1900. Her father was the editor of the "Boston Daily Advertiser" and she early became familiar with literature and literary thought. She published several stories, the first written in conjunction with her brother Edward Everett Hale; and when "The Atlantic Monthly" was established, she became a contributor to it. Later she became interested in education and was one of the first women who served upon the school committee of Boston. But her chief claim to reputation was founded when she published in "Our Young Folks" the story of "The Lady who put Salt in her Coffee." This lady was Mrs. Peterkin, who afterwards became a character well known to young readers. The Peterkin family consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Peterkin, Agamemnon, Elizabeth Eliza, Solomon John, and two little boys. This family experienced many troubles, one of which is here given.

ONE morning Mrs. Peterkin was feeling very tired, as she had been having a great many things to think of, and she said to Mr. Peterkin, "I believe I shall take a ride this morning!"

And the little boys cried out, "Oh, may we go too?"

Mrs. Peterkin said that Elizabeth Eliza and the little boys might go.

So Mr. Peterkin had the horse put into the carryall, and he and Agamemnon went off to their business, and Solomon John to school; and Mrs. Peterkin began to get ready for her ride.

She had some currants she wanted to carry to old Mrs. Twombly, and some gooseberries for somebody else, and Elizabeth Eliza wanted to pick some flowers to take to the minister's wife; so it took them a long time to prepare.

The little boys went out to pick the currants and gooseberries, and Elizabeth Eliza went out for her flowers, and Mrs. Peterkin put on her cape-bonnet, and in time they were all ready. The little boys were in their india-rubber boots, and they got into the carriage.

Elizabeth Eliza was to drive; so she sat on the front seat, and took up the reins, and the horse started off merrily, and then suddenly stopped, and would not go any farther.

Elizabeth Eliza shook the reins, and pulled them, and then clucked to the horse; and Mrs. Peterkin clucked; and the little boys whistled and shouted; but still the horse would not go.

"We shall have to whip him," said Elizabeth Eliza.

Now Mrs. Peterkin never liked to use the whip;

but, as the horse would not go, she said she would get out and turn her head the other way, while Elizabeth Eliza whipped the horse, and when he began to go she would hurry and get in.

So they tried this, but the horse would not stir.

"Perhaps we have too heavy a load," said Mrs. Peterkin, as she got in.

So they took out the currants and the gooseberries and the flowers, but still the horse would not go.

One of the neighbors, from the opposite house, looking out just then, called to them to try the whip. There was a high wind and they could not hear exactly what she said.

"I have tried the whip," said Elizabeth Eliza.

"She says 'whips,' such as you eat," said one of the little boys.

"We might make those," said Mrs. Peterkin, thoughtfully.

"We have got plenty of cream," said Elizabeth Eliza.

"Yes, let us have some whips," cried the little boys, getting out.

And the opposite neighbor cried out something about whips; and the wind was very high.

So they went into the kitchen, and whipped up the cream, and made some very delicious whips; and the little boys tasted all round, and they all thought they were very nice.

They carried some out to the horse, who swallowed it down very quickly.

"That is just what he wanted," said Mrs. Peterkin; "now he will certainly go!"

So they all got into the carriage again, and put in the currants and the gooseberries and the flowers; Elizabeth Eliza shook the reins, and they all clucked; but still the horse would not go!

"We must either give up our ride," said Mrs. Peterkin, mournfully, "or else send over to the lady from Philadelphia, and see what she will say."

The little boys jumped out as quickly as they could; they were eager to go and ask the lady from Philadelphia. Elizabeth Eliza went with them, while her mother took the reins.

They found that the lady from Philadelphia was very ill that day, and was in her bed. But when she was told what the trouble was she very kindly said they might draw up the curtain from the window at the foot of the bed, and open the blinds, and she would see. Then she asked for her opera-glass, and looked through it across the way, up the street, to Mrs. Peterkin's door.

After she had looked through the glass she laid it down, leaned her head back against the pillow, for she was very tired, and then said, "Why don't you unchain the horse from the horse-post?"

THE SANDPIPER

By Celia Leighton Thaxter

CELIA LEIGHTON THAXTER

Celia Leighton Thaxter was born at Portsmouth, N. H., June 29, 1836. When she was only five years old, her father, Thomas B. Leighton, disappointed and bitter because a political plan had failed, obtained the position of keeper of White Island Light, Isle of Shoals, and taking his family to this place, vowed that none of them should ever set foot on the mainland again. Later they moved to Appledore Island, where Celia grew up with her two brothers in a free, outdoor life. Thus she became familiar with every aspect of nature; she knew bird life and insect life, the flowers, and the shells on the beach, better than most children know their toys. After her marriage and widowhood she lived on the island in a small cottage with a large garden attached, which she cared for herself. Her parlor, which was also her study, looked out upon the water, and was filled with pictures and curious objects from the sea. Her first poems appeared in "The Atlantic Monthly," and won for her the friendship of Lowell, Fields, and Whittier. She loved dearly everything about her, and her verse is full of this spirit. She died Aug. 26, 1894, and her grave is on a hill in her island home, from which the sea can be seen in every direction.

ACROSS the narrow beach we flit,
One little sandpiper and I,
And fast I gather, bit by bit,
The scattered driftwood bleached and dry.

The wild waves reach their hands for it,
The wild wind raves, the tide runs high,
As up and down the beach we flit, —
One little sandpiper and I.

Above our heads the sullen clouds
Scud black and swift across the sky;
Like silent ghosts in misty shrouds
Stand out the white lighthouses high.
Almost as far as eye can reach
I see the close-reefed vessels fly,
As fast we flit along the beach, —
One little sandpiper and I.

I watch him as he skims along,
Uttering his sweet and mournful cry.
He starts not at my fitful song,
Or flash of fluttering drapery.
He has no thought of any wrong;
He scans me with a fearless eye:
Stanch friends are we, well tried and strong,
The little sandpiper and I.

Comrade, where wilt thou be to-night
When the loosed storm breaks furiously?
My driftwood fire will burn so bright!
To what warm shelter canst thou fly?

I do not fear for thee, though wroth
The tempest rushes through the sky:
For are we not God's children both,
Thou, little sandpiper, and I?

sandpiper: a small wading bird that runs along the sand and utters a piping note.

close-reefed: with sails partly furled to prepare for a storm.

driftwood: wood from wrecks of vessels cast upon the shore.

wroth: angry.

THE FAIRY AND THE PORTER

By William Makepeace Thackeray

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

William Makepeace Thackeray (July 18, 1811–Dec. 24, 1863), one of the foremost novel-writers of his century, originally intended to become an artist. He had some talent for drawing, and his ideas were quaint and clever, but his pictures did not have the artistic touch, and he never learned to paint well. All the time, however, he was writing stories and sketches for magazines and newspapers, and at last made his name by his great novel, "Vanity Fair." After this he wrote a number of novels, essays, and sketches. Because he was sometimes satirical in describing character, he has been called ill-natured. This reproach he does not deserve; he was generous, kind-hearted, and ready

to see the good even in the most unfortunate of mankind. He had also a tender feeling for children, and used to say that the most charming thing in the world was a little girl of two years old. When in Rome, in the winter of 1853, he drew a set of pictures for his own children for a Twelfth Night party, and then made a story to fit them. This story is called "The Rose and the Ring," and relates the adventures of a prince and princess in whose fortunes a magic rose and ring played a part. The fairy who had bestowed these gifts had also given some advice to the royal parents which they did not like, so the porter was told to keep her out of the palace, and our extract shows what happened to him.

WHEN the Princess Angelica was born, her parents not only did not ask the Fairy Blackstick to the christening party, but gave orders to their porter absolutely to refuse her if she called. This porter's name was Gruffanuff, and he had been selected for the post by their Royal Highnesses because he was a very tall, fierce man, and could say, "Not at home" to a tradesman or an unwelcome visitor, with a rudeness which frightened most such persons away. He was the husband of that Countess I've told you about, and as long as they were together they quarreled from morning till night. Now this fellow tried his rudeness once too often, as you shall hear. For the Fairy Blackstick coming to call upon the Prince and Princess, who were actually sitting at the open drawing-room window, Gruffanuff not only denied them, but made the most odious, vulgar sign as he was going to slam the door in the Fairy's face! "Git away, hold Black-

stick!" said he. "I tell you Master and Missis ain't at home to you;" and he was, as we have said, going to slam the door.

But the Fairy with her wand prevented the door being shut; and Gruffanuff came out again in a fury, swearing in the most abominable way, and asking the Fairy "whether she thought he was a-going to stay at that there door hall day?"

"You are going to stay at that door all day and all night, and for many a long year," the Fairy said very majestically; and Gruffanuff, coming out of the door, straddling before it with his great calves, burst out laughing, and cried: "Ha, ha, ha! this *is* a good un! Ha — ah — what's this? Let me down — O — O — H'm!" and then he was dumb!

For, as the Fairy waved her wand over him, he felt himself rising off the ground, and fluttering up against the door; and then, as if a screw ran into his stomach, he felt a dreadful pain there, and was pinned to the door; and then his arms flew up over his head, and his legs, after writhing about wildly, twisted under his body; and he felt cold, cold, growing over him, as if he were turning into metal; and he said, "O — O — H'm!" and could say no more because he was dumb.

He *was* turned into metal! He was from being *brazen, brass!* He was neither more nor less than

a knocker! And there he was, nailed to the door in the blazing summer day, till he burned almost redhot; and there he was, nailed to the door all the bitter winter nights, till his brass nose was dropping with icicles. And the postman came and rapped at him, and the vulgarest boy with a letter came and hit him up against the door. And the King and Queen (Prince and Princess they were then) coming home from a walk that evening, the King said: "Hullo, my dear! you have had a new knocker put on the door. Why, it's rather like our Porter in the face! What has become of the boozy vagabond?" And the housemaids came and scrubbed his nose with sandpaper; and once, when the Princess Angelica's little sister was born, he was tied up in an old kid glove; and another night some larking young men tried to wrench him off, and put him to the most excruciating agony with a turnscrew. And then the Queen had a fancy to have the color of the door altered. and the painters dabbed him over the mouth and eyes and nearly choked him, as they painted him pea-green. I warrant he had leisure to repent of having been rude to the Fairy Blackstick!

As for his wife, she did not miss him; and as he was always guzzling beer at the public-house and notoriously quarreling with his wife and in debt to the tradesmen, it was supposed he had run

away from all these evils, and emigrated to Australia or America. And when the Prince and Princess chose to become King and Queen, they left their old house, and nobody thought of the Porter any more.

Twelfth Night: a Christian festival celebrated on the 6th of January, the twelfth day after Christmas, in commemoration of the visit of the Wise Men to the Infant Saviour. Among the social observances is a game played with Twelfth Night cards, which represent different characters, usually a king, a queen, minister, maids of honor, courtiers, and funny personages.

hold, hall: the Cockney pronunciation of *old, all.*

vulgarest: commonest.

boozy: drunken.

vagabond: a worthless fellow.

larking: frolicsome.

excruciating: exceedingly painful.

turnscrew: screwdriver, a tool to remove screws.

emigrate: to leave one's native country.

THE BIRDS' ORCHESTRA

By Celia Leighton Thaxter

BOBOLINK shall play the violin,
Great applause to win;
Lonely, sweet, and sad, the meadow-lark
Plays the oboe. Hark!
Yellow-bird the clarinet shall play,
Blithe, and clear, and gay.
Purple-finch what instrument will suit?

He can play the flute.
Fire-winged blackbirds sound the merry fife,
Soldiers without strife;
And the robins wind the mellow horn
Loudly, eve and morn.
Who shall clash the cymbals? Jay and crow,
That is all they know;
And, to roll the deep melodious drum,
Lo, the bullfrogs come.
Then the splendid chorus! Who shall sing
Of so fine a thing?
Who the names of the performers call
Truly, one and all?

LET me go where'er I will,
I hear a sky-born music still:
It sounds from all things old,
It sounds from all things young,
From all that's fair, from all that's foul,
Peals out a cheerful song.
It is not only in the rose,
It is not only in the bird,
Not only when the rainbow glows,
Nor in the song of woman heard;
But in the darkest, meanest things,
There alway, alway something sings.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

A MAD TEA-PARTY

By Charles Lutwidge Dodgson

CHARLES LUTWIDGE DODGSON

Charles L. Dodgson (Jan. 27, 1832–Jan. 14, 1898) was a lecturer on mathematics at the University of Oxford and the author of several works on that subject. But his fame as an author rests upon the books he wrote for children, under the name of Lewis Carroll. These stories, "Alice in Wonderland," "Through the Looking Glass," "The Hunting of the Snark," and "Sylvie and Bruno," are full of quaint fancies. In them animals, birds, and queer people are brought together, and hold conversations and do all sorts of remarkable things. The first of these books, "Alice in Wonderland," from which our selection is taken, grew out of real stories told to children. It describes the adventures of a little girl who follows a rabbit into an unknown land, where she meets strange companions. Among these quaint creatures are the March Hare, the Dormouse, and the Mad Hatter, who form the company at a peculiar tea-party.

PART ONE

THERE was a table set out under a tree in front of the house, and the March Hare and the Hatter were having tea at it: a Dormouse was sitting between them, fast asleep, and the other two were using it as a cushion, resting their elbows

on it, and talking over its head. "Very uncomfortable for the Dormouse," thought Alice; "only, as it's asleep, I suppose it doesn't mind."

The table was a large one, but the three were all crowded together at one corner of it: "No room! No room!" they cried out, when they saw Alice coming. "There's *plenty* of room!" said Alice, indignantly, and she sat down in a large arm-chair at one end of the table.

"Have some wine," the March Hare said in an encouraging tone.

Alice looked all round the table, but there was nothing on it but tea. "I don't see any wine," she remarked.

"There isn't any," said the March Hare.

"Then it wasn't very civil of you to offer it," said Alice, angrily.

"It wasn't very civil of you to sit down without being invited," said the March Hare.

"I didn't know it was *your* table," said Alice; "it's laid for a great many more than three."

"Your hair wants cutting," said the Hatter. He had been looking at Alice for some time with great curiosity, and this was his first speech.

"You should learn not to make personal remarks," Alice said with some severity; "it's very rude."

The Hatter opened his eyes very wide on hear-

ing this; but all he *said* was, "Why is a raven like a writing-desk?"

"Come, we shall have some fun now!" thought Alice. "I'm glad you've begun asking riddles — I believe I can guess that," she added aloud.

"Do you mean that you think you can find out the answer to it?" said the March Hare.

"Exactly so," said Alice.

"Then you should say what you mean," the March Hare went on.

"I do," Alice hastily replied; "at least — at least, I mean what I say — that's the same thing, you know."

"Not the same thing a bit!" said the Hatter "Why, you might just as well say that 'I see what I eat' is the same thing as 'I eat what I see'!"

"You might just as well say," added the March Hare, "that 'I like what I get' is the same thing as 'I get what I like'!"

"You might just as well say," added the Dormouse, who seemed to be talking in his sleep, "that 'I breathe when I sleep' is the same thing as 'I sleep when I breathe'!"

"It *is* the same thing with you," said the Hatter, and here the conversation dropped, and the party sat silent for a minute, while Alice thought over all she could remember about ravens and writing-desks, which wasn't much.

The Hatter was the first to break the silence. "What day of the month is it?" he said, turning to Alice: he had taken his watch out of his pocket, and was looking at it uneasily, shaking it every now and then, and holding it to his ear.

Alice considered a little, and said, "The fourth."

"Two days wrong!" sighed the Hatter. "I told you butter wouldn't suit the works!" he added, looking angrily at the March Hare.

"It was the *best* butter," the March Hare meekly replied.

"Yes, but some crumbs must have got in as well," the Hatter grumbled: "you shouldn't have put it in with the bread-knife."

The March Hare took the watch and looked at it gloomily: then he dipped it into his cup of tea, and looked at it again: but he could think of nothing better to say than his first remark, "It was the *best* butter, you know."

Alice had been looking over his shoulder with some curiosity. "What a funny watch!" she remarked. "It tells the day of the month, and doesn't tell what o'clock it is!"

"Why should it?" muttered the Hatter. "Does *your* watch tell you what year it is?"

"Of course not," Alice replied very readily: "but that's because it stays the same year for such a long time together"

"Which is just the case with *mine*," said the Hatter.

Alice felt dreadfully puzzled. The Hatter's remark seemed to her to have no sort of meaning in it, and yet it was certainly English. "I don't quite understand you," she said, as politely as she could.

"The Dormouse is asleep again," said the Hatter, and he poured a little hot tea on to its nose.

The Dormouse shook its head impatiently, and said, without opening its eyes, "Of course, of course; just what I was going to remark myself."

"Have you guessed the riddle yet?" the Hatter said, turning to Alice again.

"No, I give it up," Alice replied; "what's the answer?"

"I haven't the slightest idea," said the Hatter.

"Nor I," said the March Hare.

Alice sighed wearily. "I think you might do something better with the time," she said, "than wasting it in asking riddles that have no answers."

"If you knew Time as well as I do," said the Hatter, "you wouldn't talk about wasting *it*. It's *him*."

"I don't know what you mean," said Alice.

"Of course you don't!" the Hatter said, tossing his head contemptuously. "I dare say you never even spoke to Time!"

"Perhaps not," Alice cautiously replied; "but I know I have to beat time when I learn music."

"Ah! that accounts for it," said the Hatter. "He won't stand beating. Now, if you only kept on good terms with him, he'd do almost anything you liked with the clock. For instance, suppose it were nine o'clock in the morning, just time to begin lessons; you'd only have to whisper a hint to Time, and round goes the clock in a twinkling! Half-past one, time for dinner!"

("I only wish it was," the March Hare said to itself in a whisper.)

"That would be grand, certainly," said Alice, thoughtfully: "but then — I shouldn't be hungry for it, you know."

"Not at first, perhaps," said the Hatter: "but you could keep it to half-past one as long as you liked."

"Is that the way *you* manage?" Alice asked.

The Hatter shook his head mournfully. "Not I," he replied. "We quarreled last March — just before *he* went mad, you know" (pointing with his teaspoon at the March Hare) "— it was at the great concert given by the Queen of Hearts, and I had to sing,

> "'*Twinkle, twinkle, little bat!*
> *How I wonder what you're at!*'

You know the song perhaps?"

"I've heard something like it," said Alice.

"It goes on, you know," the Hatter continued, "in this way:—

"'*Up above the world you fly,*
Like a teatray in the sky.
Twinkle, twinkle—'"

Here the Dormouse shook itself, and began singing in its sleep, "*Twinkle, twinkle, twinkle, twinkle*—" and went on so long that they had to pinch it to make it stop.

"Well, I'd hardly finished the first verse," said the Hatter, "when the Queen bawled out, 'He's murdering the time! Off with his head!'"

"How dreadfully savage!" exclaimed Alice.

"And ever since that," the Hatter went on in a mournful tone, "he won't do a thing I ask! It's always six o'clock now."

A bright idea came into Alice's head. "Is that the reason so many tea-things are put out here?" she asked.

"Yes, that's it," said the Hatter with a sigh: "it's always tea-time, and we've no time to wash the things between whiles."

"Then you keep moving round, I suppose?" said Alice.

"Exactly so," said the Hatter: "as the things get used up."

"But when you come to the beginning again?" Alice ventured to ask.

March hare: In the spring, during the breeding season, the hare is noted for its wild actions, which have given rise to the saying, "mad as a March hare."

hatter: a character in the story, otherwise known as "the Mad Hatter." The phrase "mad as a hatter" means queer or insane, but why the hatter is chosen for the comparison is unknown.

dormouse: a small animal living in Europe and Asia; it sleeps the greater part of the winter.

raven: a bird much like a crow.

PART TWO

"Suppose we change the subject," the March Hare interrupted, yawning. "I'm getting tired of this. I vote the young lady tells us a story."

"I'm afraid I don't know one," said Alice, rather alarmed at the proposal.

"Then the Dormouse shall!" they both cried. "Wake up, Dormouse!" And they pinched it on both sides at once.

The Dormouse slowly opened his eyes. "I wasn't asleep," he said in a hoarse, feeble voice: "I heard every word you fellows were saying."

"Tell us a story!" said the March Hare.

"Yes, please do!" pleaded Alice.

"And be quick about it," added the Hatter, "or you'll be asleep again before it's done."

"Once upon a time there were three little sisters," the Dormouse began in a great hurry; "and their names were Elsie, Lacie, and Tillie; and they lived at the bottom of a well—"

"What did they live on?" said Alice, who always took a great interest in questions of eating and drinking.

"They lived on treacle," said the Dormouse, after thinking a minute or two.

"They couldn't have done that, you know," Alice gently remarked: "they'd have been ill."

"So they were," said the Dormouse; "*very* ill."

Alice tried a little to fancy to herself what such an extraordinary way of living would be like, but it puzzled her too much, so she went on: "But why did they live at the bottom of a well?"

"Take some more tea," the March Hare said to Alice, very earnestly.

"I've had nothing yet," Alice replied in an offended tone, "so I can't take more."

"You mean, you can't take *less*," said the Hatter; "it's very easy to take *more* than nothing."

"Nobody asked *your* opinion," said Alice.

"Who's making personal remarks now?" the Hatter asked triumphantly.

Alice did not quite know what to say to this: so she helped herself to some tea and bread-and-

butter, and then turned to the Dormouse, and repeated her question. "Why did they live at the bottom of a well?"

The Dormouse again took a minute or two to think about it, and then said, "It was a treacle-well."

"There's no such thing!" Alice was beginning very angrily, but the Hatter and the March Hare went "Sh! sh!" and the Dormouse sulkily remarked, "If you can't be civil, you'd better finish the story for yourself."

"No, please go on!" Alice said very humbly: "I won't interrupt you again. I dare say there may be *one*."

"One, indeed!" said the Dormouse, indignantly. However, he consented to go on. "And so these three little sisters — they were learning to draw, you know —"

"What did they draw?" said Alice, quite forgetting her promise.

"Treacle," said the Dormouse, without considering at all this time.

"I want a clean cup," interrupted the Hatter; "let's all move one place on."

He moved on as he spoke, and the Dormouse followed him; the March Hare moved into the Dormouse's place, and Alice rather unwillingly took the place of the March Hare. The Hatter was the only one who got any advantage from the

change; and Alice was a good deal worse off than before, as the March Hare had just upset the milk-jug into his plate.

Alice did not wish to offend the Dormouse again, so she began very cautiously: "But I don't understand. Where did they draw the treacle from?"

"You can draw water out of a water-well," said the Hatter; "so I should think you could draw treacle out of a treacle-well — eh, stupid?"

"But they were *in* the well," Alice said to the Dormouse, not choosing to notice this last remark.

"Of course they were," said the Dormouse, — "well in."

This answer so confused poor Alice, that she let the Dormouse go on for some time without interrupting it.

"They were learning to draw," the Dormouse went on, yawning and rubbing its eyes, for it was getting very sleepy; "and they drew all manner of things — everything that begins with an M—"

"Why with an M?" said Alice.

"Why not?" said the March Hare.

Alice was silent.

The Dormouse had closed its eyes by this time, and was going off into a doze, but on being pinched by the Hatter it woke up again with a little

shriek, and went on: "— that begins with an M, such as mousetraps, and the moon, and memory, and muchness — you say things are 'much of a muchness' — did you ever see such a thing as a drawing of a muchness?"

"Really, now you ask me," said Alice, very much confused, "I don't think —"

"Then you shouldn't talk," said the Hatter.

This piece of rudeness was more than Alice could bear; she got up in great disgust, and walked off: the Dormouse fell asleep instantly, and neither of the others took the least notice of her going, though she looked back once or twice, half hoping that they would call after her; the last time she saw them, they were trying to put the Dormouse into the teapot.

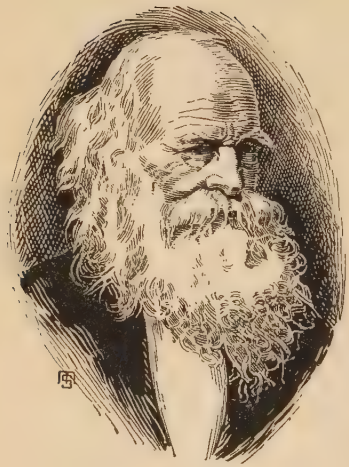
treacle: molasses.

TIRED of play! Tired of play!
What hast thou done the livelong day?
The birds are silent, and so is the bee;
The sun is creeping up steeple and tree;
The doves have flown to the sheltering eaves,
And the nests are dark with the drooping leaves;
Twilight gathers, the day is done —
How hast thou spent it, restless one?

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS.

ROBERT OF LINCOLN

By William Cullen Bryant



WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

William Cullen Bryant (Nov. 3, 1794–June 12, 1878) when barely eighteen years of age produced a poem, "Thanatopsis," which is called the beginning of American poetry. This was not his first work, for he had written verse when a boy of nine, and was only fourteen when the first collection of his poems was published. The genius displayed at so early an age did not, as has happened in some other cases, exhaust itself in a short time, for when he was seventy-seven years old Mr. Bryant completed a metrical translation of Homer. His long life of eighty-four years was spent almost entirely in literary work, with the exception of some ten years which he devoted to the practice of law. In 1826 he became the editor of the "Evening Post," a New York newspaper, and held this position for fifty years. He made his paper a model of good English and in that way exerted great influence upon the public taste. He was a keen lover of nature, and knew all the features of each season of the year; he noted the birds, the trees, the wayside flowers around his country home, and then told all he saw in delightful poems. His great merit as a writer consists in his nice use of language; his words are so well chosen that his meaning is clear and his verse is full of melody. The selections given are two of his simpler poems and show him in a twofold light. In the present poem, he is the poet of nature singing sweetly the life of a bird; in "The Song of Marion's Men" (p. 142) he is the patriot poet relating the deeds of Revolutionary days.

MERRILY swinging on brier and weed,
Near to the nest of his little dame,
Over the mountain side or mead,
Robert of Lincoln is telling his name:
Bob-o-link, bob-o-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Snug and safe is that nest of ours,
Hidden among the summer flowers.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln is gayly dressed,
Wearing a bright black wedding coat;
White are his shoulders and white his crest.
Hear him call in his merry note:
Bob-o-link, bob-o-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Look what a nice new coat is mine,
Sure there was never a bird so fine.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,
Pretty and quiet, with plain brown wings,
Passing at home a patient life,
Broods in the grass while her husband sings:
Bob-o-link, bob-o-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Brood, kind creature; you need not fear
Thieves and robbers while I am here.
Chee, chee, chee.

Modest and shy as a nun is she;
One weak chirp is her only note.
Braggart and prince of braggarts is he,
Pouring boasts from his little throat:
Bob-o-link, bob-o-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Never was I afraid of man;
Catch me, cowardly knaves, if you can!
Chee, chee, chee.

Six white eggs on a bed of hay,
Flecked with purple, a pretty sight!
There as the mother sits all day,
Robert is singing with all his might:
Bob-o-link, bob-o-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Nice good wife that never goes out,
Keeping house while I frolic about.
Chee, chee, chee.

Soon as the little ones chip the shell,
Six wide mouths are open for food;
Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well,
Gathering seeds for the hungry brood.
Bob-o-link, bob-o-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
This new life is likely to be
Hard for a gay young fellow like me
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln at length is made
Sober with work, and silent with care;
Off is his holiday garment laid,
Half forgotten that merry air:
Bob-o-link, bob-o-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Nobody knows but my mate and I
Where our nest and our nestlings lie.
Chee, chee, chee.

Summer wanes; the children are grown;
Fun and frolic no more he knows;
Robert of Lincoln's a humdrum crone;
Off he flies, and we sing as he goes:
Bob-o-link, bob-o-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
When you can pipe that merry old strain,
Robert of Lincoln, come back again.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln: an expansion of *bob-o-lincoln*, a fanciful imitation of the bird's note. The bobolink is found in most of the United States; it raises its young on the ground in meadows in the Northern States and in Canada, and migrates southward in the fall. It is known as the reed bird in the Middle States, and as the rice bird in the Southern States. During the breeding season the male bird differs in plumage from the female, and is only then in song.

Quaker wife: because the plumage of the female bird is dull like the quiet colors worn by Quakers, a religious sect who do not believe in gay clothes.

braggart: a boaster.

THE APPLE

By John Burroughs

JOHN BURROUGHS

John Burroughs was born in Roxbury, N. Y., April 3, 1837; he was for a time a newspaper man and afterward a clerk in the United States Treasury Department. Then he took up his residence in the country and found his true work in writing descriptions of what he saw in out-door life. Nothing in nature escaped his notice, and what he saw he related in simple but bright and vivacious style. His books are very popular and have the stamp of the writer's kindly nature on every page. Birds, animals, fruits, and flowers were his familiar friends; he knew human nature also, and particularly boy nature, as you will notice in his description of apple-eaters. He died at West Park, N. Y., March 29, 1921.

IS there any other fruit that has so much facial expression as the apple? What boy does not more than half believe they can see with that single eye of theirs? Do they not look and nod to him from the bough? The swaar has one look, the rambo another, the spy another. The youth recognizes the seek-no-further buried beneath a dozen other varieties, the moment he catches a glance of its eye, or the bonny-cheeked Newtown pippin, or

the gentle but sharp-nosed gilliflower. He goes to the great bin in the cellar and sinks his shafts here and there in the garnered wealth of the orchards, mining for his favorites, sometimes coming plump upon them, sometimes catching a glimpse of them to the right or left, or uncovering them as keystones in an arch made up of many varieties.

In the dark he can usually tell them by the sense of touch. There is not only the size and shape, but there is the texture and polish. Some apples are coarse-grained and some are fine; some are thin-skinned and some are thick. One variety is quick and vigorous beneath the touch; another gentle and yielding. The pinnock has a thick skin with a spongy lining, a bruise in it becomes like a piece of cork. The tallow apple has an unctuous feel, as its name suggests. It sheds water like a duck. What apple is that with a fat curved stem that blends so prettily with its own flesh, — the wine-apple? Some varieties impress me as masculine, — weather-stained, freckled, lasting, and rugged; others are indeed lady apples, fair, delicate, shining, mild-flavored, white-meated, like the egg-drop and lady-finger. The practiced hand knows each kind by the touch.

Do you remember the apple hole in the garden or back of the house, Ben Bolt? In the fall, after the bins in the cellar had been well stocked, we

excavated a circular pit in the warm, mellow earth, and covering the bottom with clean rye straw, emptied in basketful after basketful of hardy choice varieties, till there was a tent-shaped mound several feet high of shining variegated fruit. Then, wrapping it about with a thick layer of long rye straw, and tucking it up snug and warm, the mound was covered with a thin coating of earth, a flat stone on the top holding down the straw. As winter set in, another coating of earth was put upon it. with perhaps an overcoat of coarse dry stable manure, and the precious pile was left in silence and darkness till spring. No marmot, hibernating under ground in his nest of leaves and dry grass, more cozy and warm. No frost, no wet, but fragrant privacy and quiet. Then how the earth tempers and flavors the apples! It draws out all the acrid unripe qualities, and infuses into them a subtle refreshing taste of the soil. Some varieties perish; but the ranker, hardier kinds, like the northern spy, the greening, or the black apple, or the russet, or the pinnock, how they ripen and grow in grace, how the green becomes gold, and the bitter becomes sweet!

As the supply in the bins and barrels gets low and spring approaches, the buried treasures in the garden are remembered. With spade and axe we go out and penetrate through the snow and frozen

earth till the inner dressing of straw is laid bare. It is not quite as clear and bright as when we placed it there last fall, but the fruit beneath, which the hand soon exposes, is just as bright and far more luscious. Then, as day after day you resort to the hole, and, removing the straw and earth from the opening, thrust your arm into the fragrant pit, you have a better chance than ever before to become acquainted with your favorites by the sense of touch. How you feel for them, reaching to the right and left! Now you have got a Tolman sweet; you imagine you can feel that single meridian line that divides it into two hemispheres. Now a greening fills your hand, you feel its fine quality beneath its rough coat. Now you have hooked a swaar, you recognize its full face; now a Vandevere or a King rolls down from the apex above, and you bag it at once. When you were a schoolboy you stowed these away in your pockets and ate them along the road and at recess, and again at noontime; and they, in a measure, corrected the effects of the cake and pie with which your indulgent mother filled your lunch-basket.

The boy is indeed the true apple-eater, and is not to be questioned how he came by the fruit with which his pockets are filled. It belongs to him, and he may steal it if it cannot be had in any

other way. His own juicy flesh craves the juicy flesh of the apple. Sap draws sap. His fruit-eating has little reference to the state of his appetite. Whether he be full of meat or empty of meat he wants the apple just the same. Before meal or after meal it never comes amiss. The farm-boy munches apples all day long. He has nests of them in the haymow, mellowing, to which he makes frequent visits. Sometimes old Brindle, having access through the open door, smells them out and makes short work of them.

In some countries the custom remains of placing a rosy apple in the hand of the dead that they may find it when they enter paradise. In northern mythology the giants eat apples to keep off old age.

The apple is indeed the fruit of youth. As we grow old we crave apples less. It is an ominous sign. When you are ashamed to be seen eating them on the street; when you can carry them in your pocket and your hand not constantly find its way to them; when your neighbor has apples and you have none, and you make no nocturnal visits to his orchard; when your lunch-basket is without them, and you can pass a winter's night by the fireside with no thought of the fruit at your elbow, then be assured you are no longer a boy, either in heart or years.

swaar, rambo, spy, etc., are all names of varieties of apples.

unctuous: greasy.

marmot: the Alpine or mountain rat.

hibernating: sleeping through the winter.

luscious: very pleasant to the taste.

Brindle: a cow whose hide is streaked with lines or spots of darker color.

THE HUMBLE-BEE

By Ralph Waldo Emerson

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

Ralph Waldo Emerson (May 25, 1803–April 27, 1882) was born in his father's parsonage on Summer Street, Boston. His father died during his early boyhood, leaving five sons and no means to support and educate them. But the mother toiled hard, the boys helped all they could, and each one worked his way through college. Emerson studied for the ministry and was for a while the pastor of a church in Boston. After he had given up his church, he settled in Concord, where Hawthorne and Thoreau lived and where he was near his other friends, Longfellow, Holmes, and Lowell. At Concord he used the grove near his house as a study, and thought and wrote out of doors with the voices of birds, the humming of insects, and the wind rustling the leaves as his inspiration. Everybody in Concord knew him and liked him; he was an especial favorite with the farmers, and little children loved him dearly. In this peaceful life he wrote many

works full of high thought, and poems for which he found subjects in his country walks. Emerson's poetry is not always easy, it has not the smoothness and clearness we find in Bryant, and the rhymes are often faulty. But careful study will disclose the meaning and the purpose. In the poem given below, in describing the habits of the humble-bee, the author depicts the man who by living simply, and not being troubled by anything, gets all the good things of life and escapes all that is disagreeable.

BURLY, dozing humble-bee,
Where thou art is clime for me.
Let them sail for Porto Rique,
Far-off heats through seas to seek;
I will follow thee alone,
Thou animated torrid zone!
Zigzag steerer, desert cheerer,
Let me chase thy waving lines;
Keep me nearer, me thy hearer,
Singing over shrubs and vines.

Hot midsummer's petted crone,
Sweet to me thy drowsy tone
Tells of countless sunny hours,
Long days, and solid banks of flowers;
Of gulfs of sweetness, without bound,
In Indian wildernesses found;
Of Syrian peace, immortal leisure,
Firmest cheer, and birdlike pleasure.

Aught unsavory or unclean,
Hath my insect never seen;

But violets and bilberry bells,
Maple-sap and daffodels,
Grass with green flag half-mast high,
Succory to match the sky,
Columbine with horn of honey,
Scented fern and agrimony,
Clover, catch-fly, adder's tongue,
And brier-roses dwelt among;
All beside was unknown waste,
All was picture as he passed.

Wiser far than human seer,
Yellow-breeched philosopher,
Seeing only what is fair,
Sipping only what is sweet,
Thou dost mock at fate and care,
Leave the chaff and take the wheat.
When the fierce northwestern blast
Cools sea and land so far and fast,
Thou already slumberest deep;
Woe and want thou canst outsleep;
Want and woe which torture us,
Thy sleep makes ridiculous.

Porto Rique: Porto Rico.

zigzag steerer: in reference to the erratic flight of the bee.

crone: crony or companion.

Indian wilderness, Syrian peace: refer to the luxuriant vegetation and idle life of the East.

bilberry: a small wild fruit of dark blue color.

succory: chicory, a plant with bright blue flowers.

columbine: a plant whose flower resembles the heads of doves gathered round a plate.

agrimony: an herb once greatly used in medicine.

catchfly: the popular name of a plant with glutinous stems which sometimes catch small insects.

adder's tongue: a fern, so called from the spike-like form of its flowers.

yellow-breeched: the bee's under body is yellow.

BLACK BEAUTY'S EARLY HOME

By Anna Sewell

ANNA SEWELL

One of the greatest aids to the work of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is the little book "Black Beauty," the story of a horse, written by Anna Sewell, an Englishwoman who was born at Yarmouth about 1820. An accident in childhood made Miss Sewell a cripple for life, but, though she was deprived of work and pleasure, and subject to constant pain, her disposition was always kind and cheerful. In driving her father to and from the station on business which carried him ten miles away from home, she made a careful study of her horse. She treated the animal as a being susceptible to kindness and capable of understanding her wishes and directions; so she guided him almost entirely by her voice, encouraging or remonstrating as was necessary, merely holding the reins in her hand and never

using the whip. She felt sure that other horses could be managed in the same way; and little by little, as her health permitted, she wrote the story of "Black Beauty" to teach kindness, sympathy, and common sense in the treatment of horses. The book was published near the end of 1877, and the author lived just long enough to hear of its wonderful success, dying in the following April. The little story did a wonderful work. It is written so naturally that one feels almost that the horse is a moral being with rights man is bound to respect. It did much to improve the condition, not only of the animals themselves, but of the London cabmen, a hard-worked and hard-working class of men. The whole story of "Black Beauty" is well worth reading, for it has become a classic story of this type.

PART ONE

THE first place that I can well remember was a large pleasant meadow with a pond of clear water in it. Some shady trees leaned over it, and rushes and water-lilies grew at the deep end. Over the hedge on one side we looked into a plowed field, and on the other we looked over a gate at our master's house, which stood by the roadside; at the top of the meadow was a grove of fir-trees, and at the bottom a running brook overhung by a steep bank.

Whilst I was young I lived upon my mother's milk, as I could not eat grass. In the daytime I ran by her side, and at night I lay down close by her. When it was hot, we used to stand by the pond in the shade of the trees, and when it was cold we had a nice warm shed near the grove.

As soon as I was old enough to eat grass, my

mother used to go out to work in the daytime, and come back in the evening.

There were six young colts in the meadow besides me; they were older than I was; some were nearly as large as grown-up horses. I used to run with them, and had great fun; we used to gallop all together round and round the field, as hard as we could go. Sometimes we had rather rough play, for they would frequently bite and kick as well as gallop.

One day, when there was a good deal of kicking, my mother whinnied to me to come to her, and then she said: —

"I wish you to pay attention to what I am going to say to you. The colts who live here are very good colts, but they are cart-horse colts, and of course they have not learned manners. You have been well-bred and well-born; your father has a great name in these parts, and your grandfather won the cup two years at the Newmarket races; your grandmother had the sweetest temper of any horse I ever knew, and I think you have never seen me kick or bite. I hope you will grow up gentle and good and never learn bad ways; do your work with a good will, lift your feet up well when you trot, and never bite or kick even in play."

I have never forgotten my mother's advice; I knew she was a wise old horse, and our master

thought a great deal of her. Her name was Duchess, but he often called her Pet.

Our master was a good, kind man. He gave us good food, good lodging, and kind words; he spoke as kindly to us as he did to his little children. We were all fond of him, and my mother loved him very much. When she saw him at the gate, she would neigh with joy and trot up to him. He would pat and stroke her, and say, "Well, old Pet, and how is your little Darkie?" I was a dull black, so he called me Darkie; then he would give me a piece of bread, which was very good, and sometimes he brought a carrot for my mother. All the horses would come to him, but I think we were his favorites. My mother always took him to the town on a market-day in a light gig.

There was a plowboy, Dick, who sometimes came into our field to pluck blackberries from the hedge. When he had eaten all he wanted, he would have what he called fun with the colts, throwing stones and sticks at them to make them gallop. We did not much mind him, for we could gallop off; but sometimes a stone would hit and hurt us.

One day he was at this game, and did not know that the master was in the next field; but he was there, watching what was going on; over the hedge he jumped in a snap, and catching Dick by

the arm, he gave him such a box on the ear as made him roar with the pain and surprise. As soon as we saw the master, we trotted up nearer to see what went on.

"Bad boy!" he said, "bad boy! to chase the colts. This is not the first time, nor the second, but it shall be the last. There — take your money and go home; I shall not want you on my farm again." So we never saw Dick any more. Old Daniel, the man who looked after the horses, was just as gentle as our master; so we were well off.

cup: a prize given to the owner of the winning horse at a race.

Newmarket: a town in England where horse-races have been run since the time of James I.

gig: a light, two-wheeled, topless vehicle drawn by one horse and usually built to hold two persons.

snap: haste, hurry.

PART TWO

I was now beginning to grow handsome; my coat had grown fine and soft, and was bright black. I had one white foot, and a pretty white star on my forehead. I was thought very handsome; my master would not sell me till I was four years old; he said lads ought not to work like men, and colts ought not to work like horses till they were quite grown up.

When I was four years old, Squire Gordon came to look at me. He examined my eyes, my mouth, and my legs; he felt them all down; and then I had to walk and trot and gallop before him; he seemed to like me, and said, "When he has been well broken in, he will do very well." My master said he would break me in himself, as he should not like me to be frightened or hurt, and he lost no time about it, for the next day he began.

Every one may not know what breaking in is, therefore I will describe it. It means to teach a horse to wear a saddle and bridle, and to carry on his back a man, woman, or child; to go just the way they wish, and to go quietly. Besides this, he has to learn to wear a collar, a crupper, and a breeching, and to stand still whilst they are put on; then to have a cart or a chaise fixed behind, so that he cannot walk or trot without dragging it after him; and he must go fast or slow, just as his driver wishes. He must never start at what he sees, nor speak to other horses, nor bite, nor kick, nor have any will of his own, but always do his master's will, even though he may be very tired or hungry; but the worst of all is, when his harness is once on, he may neither jump for joy nor lie down for weariness. So you see this breaking in is a great thing.

I had of course long been used to a halter and

a headstall, and to be led about in the field and lanes quietly, but now I was to have a bit and bridle; my master gave me some oats as usual, and after a good deal of coaxing he got the bit into my mouth, and the bridle fixed, but it was a nasty thing! Those who have never had a bit in their mouths cannot think how bad it feels; a great piece of cold, hard steel as thick as a man's finger to be pushed into one's mouth, between one's teeth, and over one's tongue, with the ends coming out at the corner of your mouth, and held fast there by straps over your head, under your throat, round your nose, and under your chin; so that no way in the world can you get rid of the nasty hard thing; it is very bad! yes, very bad! at least I thought so; but I knew my mother always wore one when she went out, and all horses did when they were grown up; and so, what with the nice oats, and what with my master's pats, kind words, and gentle ways, I got to wear my bit and bridle.

Next came the saddle, but that was not half so bad; my master put it on my back very gently, whilst old Daniel held my head; he then made the girths fast under my body, patting and talking to me all the time; then I had a few oats, then a little leading about; and this he did every day till I began to look for the oats and the sad-

dle. At length, one morning, my master got on my back and rode me round the meadow on the soft grass. It certainly did feel queer; but I must say I felt rather proud to carry my master, and as he continued to ride me a little every day, I soon became accustomed to it.

The next unpleasant business was putting on the iron shoes; that, too, was very hard at first. My master went with me to the smith's forge, to see that I was not hurt or got any fright. The blacksmith took my feet in his hand, one after the other, and cut away some of the hoof. It did not pain me, so I stood still on three legs till he had done them all. Then he took a piece of iron the shape of my foot, and clapped it on, and drove some nails through the shoe quite into my hoof, so that the shoe was firmly on. My feet felt very stiff and heavy, but in time I got used to it.

And now having got so far, my master went on to break me to harness; there were more new things to wear. First, a stiff heavy collar just on my neck, and a bridle with great side-pieces against my eyes called blinkers, and blinkers indeed they were, for I could not see on either side, but only straight in front of me; next, there was a small saddle with a nasty stiff strap that went right under my tail; that was the crupper. I hated the crupper,—to have my long tail doubled

up and poked through that strap was almost as bad as the bit. I never felt more like kicking, but of course I could not kick such a good master, and so in time I got used to everything, and could do my work as well as my mother.

I must not forget to mention one part of my training, which I have always considered a very great advantage. My master sent me for a fortnight to a neighboring farmer's who had a meadow which was skirted on one side by the railway. Here were some sheep and cows, and I was turned in amongst them.

I shall never forget the first train that ran by. I was feeding quietly near the pales which separated the meadow from the railway, when I heard a strange sound at a distance, and before I knew whence it came — with a rush and a clatter, and a puffing out of smoke — a long black train of something flew by, and was gone almost before I could draw my breath. I turned and galloped to the farther side of the meadow as fast as I could go, and there I stood snorting with astonishment and fear. In the course of the day many other trains went by, some more slowly; these drew up at the station close by, and sometimes made an awful shriek and groan before they stopped. I thought it very dreadful, but the cows went on eating very quietly, and hardly

raised their heads as the black, frightful thing came puffing and grinding past.

For the first few days I could not feed in peace; but as I found that this terrible creature never came into the field, or did me any harm, I began to disregard it, and very soon I cared as little about the passing of a train as the cows and sheep did.

Since then I have seen many horses much alarmed and restive at the sight or sound of a steam engine; but, thanks to my good master's care, I am as fearless at railway stations as in my own stable.

Now if any one wants to break in a young horse well, that is the way.

My master often drove me in double harness with my mother, because she was steady and could teach me how to go better than a strange horse. She told me the better I behaved the better I should be treated, and that it was wisest always to do my best to please my master; "But," said she, "there are a great many kinds of men; there are good. thoughtful men like our master, that any horse may be proud to serve; and there are bad, cruel men, who never ought to have a horse or a dog to call their own. Besides, there are a great many foolish men, vain, ignorant and careless, who never trouble themselves to think; these spoil more horses than all, just for want of sense; they don't mean it, but they do it for all that. I hope you will fall

into good hands; but a horse never knows who may buy him, or who may drive him; it is all a chance for us; but still I say, do your best wherever it is, and keep up your good name."

chaise: a light, two-wheeled carriage.
pales: a kind of fence.

THE NIGHTINGALE AND THE GLOW-WORM

By William Cowper

WILLIAM COWPER

William Cowper (Nov. 26, 1731–April 25, 1800) is one of the best of English letter-writers and in his day was a distinguished poet. His whole life was sad; as a boy he was delicate and keenly sensitive, and as a man he was given to fits of gloom which often resulted in insanity. Cowper studied law and lived for some years in the Temple, but he had no interest in his profession and cared only for his books and his literary friends. After a long illness, in which his mind had been affected, he went to live with some friends and spent his time while getting well in gardening and working in the open air. He also began to write poems and this seemed to cure his melancholy; his poems became brighter and sweeter and in closer touch with nature. His longest poem was "The Task," which made his reputation as a poet. The selection given here shows him in one of his best moods.

A NIGHTINGALE, that all day long
Had cheered the village with his song,
Nor yet at eve his note suspended,
Nor yet when eventide was ended,
Began to feel, as well he might,
The keen demands of appetite;
When, looking eagerly around,
He spied far off, upon the ground,
A something shining in the dark,
And knew the glow-worm by his spark;
So, stooping from the hawthorn top,
He thought to put him in his crop.
The worm, aware of his intent,
Harangued him thus, right eloquent:
"Did you admire my lamp," quoth he,
"As much as I your minstrelsy,
You would abhor to do me wrong
As much as I to spoil your song;
For 'twas the self-same Power divine
Taught you to sing and me to shine;
That you with music, I with light,
Might beautify and cheer the night."
The songster heard this short oration,
And, warbling out his approbation,
Released him, as my story tells,
And found a supper somewhere else.

glow-worm: a kind of beetle.
lamp: the glow-worm's light.

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THE WALRUS AND THE CARPENTER

By Charles Lutwidge Dodgson

THE sun was shining on the sea,
Shining with all his might:
He did his very best to make
The billows smooth and bright —
And this was odd, because it was
The middle of the night.

The moon was shining sulkily,
Because she thought the sun
Had got no business to be there
After the day was done —
"It's very rude of him," she said,
"To come and spoil the fun!"

The sea was wet as wet could be,
The sands were dry as dry.
You could not see a cloud, because
No cloud was in the sky:
No birds were flying overhead —
There were no birds to fly.

The Walrus and the Carpenter
Were walking close at hand:
They wept like anything to see
Such quantities of sand:
"If this were only cleared away,"
They said, "it *would* be grand."

"If seven maids with seven mops
Swept it for half a year,
Do you suppose," the Walrus said,
"That they could get it clear?"
"I doubt it," said the Carpenter,
And shed a bitter tear.

"O Oysters, come and walk with us!"
The Walrus did beseech.
"A pleasant walk, a pleasant talk,
Along the briny beach:
We cannot do with more than four,
To give a hand to each."

The eldest Oyster looked at him,
But never a word he said:
The eldest Oyster winked his eye,
And shook his heavy head —
Meaning to say he did not choose
To leave the oyster-bed.

But four young Oysters hurried up,
All eager for the treat:
Their coats were brushed, their faces washed,
Their shoes were clean and neat —
And this was odd, because, you know,
They hadn't any feet.

Four other Oysters followed them,
And yet another four;
And thick and fast they came at last,
And more, and more, and more —

All hopping through the frothy waves,
And scrambling to the shore.

The Walrus and the Carpenter
Walked on a mile or so,
And then they rested on a rock
Conveniently low:
And all the little Oysters stood
And waited in a row.

"The time has come," the Walrus said,
"To talk of many things:
Of shoes — and ships — and sealing wax —
Of cabbages — and kings —
And why the sea is boiling hot —
And whether pigs have wings."

"But wait a bit," the Oysters cried,
"Before we have our chat;
For some of us are out of breath,
And all of us are fat!"
"No hurry!" said the Carpenter.
They thanked him much for that.

"A loaf of bread," the Walrus said,
"Is what we chiefly need:
Pepper and vinegar besides
Are very good indeed —
Now if you're ready, Oysters dear,
We can begin to feed."

"But not on us!" the Oysters cried,
Turning a little blue.

"After such kindness, that would be
A dismal thing to do!"
"The night is fine," the Walrus said,
"Do you admire the view?"

"It was so kind of you to come!
And you are very nice!"
The Carpenter said nothing but
"Cut us another slice.
I wish you were not quite so deaf —
I've had to ask you twice."

"It seems a shame," the Walrus said,
"To play them such a trick.
After we've brought them out so far,
And made them trot so quick!"
The Carpenter said nothing but
"The butter's spread too thick!"

"I weep for you," the Walrus said:
"I deeply sympathize."
With sobs and tears he sorted out
Those of the largest size,
Holding his pocket-handkerchief
Before his streaming eyes.

"O Oysters," said the Carpenter,
"You've had a pleasant run!
Shall we be trotting home again?"
But answer came there none —
And this is scarcely odd, because
They'd eaten every one.

KING ARTHUR AND HIS SWORD

By Sir Thomas Malory

The stories of King Arthur are the national legend of Britain. Poets and story-tellers of all ages have found in them material for romance and epic, and they exist in prose and poetry in many different forms. They are so ancient that their origin is not well known; but probably they had some historic foundation, and although the romancers of centuries added many details, and even although some of the main facts were in time forgotten, yet we may believe that Arthur was a real British chief, and actually strove against the Romans. But as we think of him in literature, he is something more than the historical figure; he has the form given him by the French and English singers of the Middle Ages. The best-known storehouse of stories of King Arthur is a collection called "Mort d'Arthur," made in the fifteenth century by Sir Thomas Malory. He collected the stories well known in his time, and made a book which has become very famous. The present version is somewhat modernized, for Malory wrote so long ago that some of the words he employed are no longer in use, and would hardly be understood to-day.

Our extracts come, one at the beginning of Arthur's career and one at the end. They tell how he gained his famous sword Excalibur and how he gave it up. In the old romances, the swords of the heroes were quite as famous as their war-horses, and, like them, had their names. Arthur's famous sword was given him by the Lady of the Lake upon one of his earlier adventures. Therefore, when he had won his last battle — against his nephew Modred who had rebelled against him — he returned it to the lake.

King Arthur gets a Sword

ONE day King Arthur rode forth, and on a sudden he was ware of three churls chasing Merlin to have slain him. And the king rode unto them and bade them, "Flee, churls!" Then were they

afraid when they saw a knight, and fled. "O Merlin," said Arthur, "here hadst thou been slain, for all thy crafts, had I not been by." "Nay," said Merlin, "not so, for I could save myself if I would; but thou art more near thy death than I am." So, as they went thus talking, King Arthur perceived where sat a knight on horseback, as if to guard the pass. "Sir knight," said Arthur, "for what cause abidest thou here?" Then the knight said, "There may no knight ride this way unless he joust with me, for such is the custom of the pass." "I will amend that custom," said the king.

Then they ran together. They met so hard that their spears were shivered. Then they drew their swords and fought a strong battle, with many great strokes. But at length the sword of the knight smote King Arthur's sword in two pieces. Then said the knight unto Arthur, "Thou art in my power, whether to save thee or slay thee, and unless thou yield thee as overcome and recreant thou shalt die." "As for death," said King Arthur, "welcome be it when it cometh; but to yield me unto thee as recreant I will not." Then he leapt upon the knight, and took him by the middle and threw him down; but the knight was a passing strong man, and anon he brought Arthur under him, and would have razed off his helm to slay him. Then said Merlin, "Knight, hold thy

hand, for this knight is a man of more worship than thou art aware of." "Why, who is he?" said the knight. "It is King Arthur." Then would he have slain him for dread of his wrath, and lifted up his sword to slay him; and therewith Merlin cast an enchantment on the knight, so that he fell to the earth in a great sleep. Then Merlin took up King Arthur and set him on his horse. "Alas!" said Arthur, "what hast thou done, Merlin? hast thou slain this good knight by thy crafts?" "Care ye not," said Merlin; "he is wholer than ye be. He is only asleep, and will wake in three hours."

Right so the king and he departed, and went unto an hermit that was a good man and a great leech. So the hermit searched all his wounds and gave him good salves; so the king was there three days, and then were his wounds well amended that he might ride and go, and so departed. And as they rode Arthur said, "I have no sword." "No force," said Merlin; "hereby is a sword that shall be yours." So they rode till they came to a lake, the which was a fair water and broad, and in the midst of the lake Arthur was ware of an arm clothed in white samite, that held a fair sword in that hand. "So," said Merlin, "yonder is that sword that I spake of." With that they saw a damsel going upon the lake. "What damsel is

that?" said Arthur. "That is the Lady of the Lake," said Merlin; "and within that lake is a rock, and therein is as fair a place as any on earth, and richly beseen, and this damsel will come to you anon, and then speak ye fair to her and she will give thee that sword." Anon withal came the damsel unto Arthur and saluted him, and he her again. "Damsel," said Arthur, "what sword is that that yonder the arm holdeth above the waves? I would it were mine, for I have no sword." "Sir Arthur king," said the damsel, "that sword is mine, and if ye will give me a gift when I ask it you ye shall have it." "By my faith," said Arthur, "I will give ye what gift ye shall ask." "Well," said the damsel, "go you into yonder barge and row yourself to the sword, and take it and the scabbard with you, and I will ask my gift when I see my time." So Arthur and Merlin alighted, and tied their horses to two trees, and so they went into the ship, and when they came to the sword that the hand held, Arthur took it by the handles, and took it with him. And the arm and the hand went under the water.

Then they returned unto the land and rode forth. And Sir Arthur looked on the sword and liked it right well.

So they rode unto Caerleon, whereof his knights were passing glad. And when they heard of his

adventures they marveled that he would jeopard his person so alone. But all men of worship said it was a fine thing to be under such a chieftain as would put his person in adventure as other poor knights did.

King Arthur gives up the Sword

And ever King Arthur rode throughout the battle, and did full nobly, as a worthy king should, and Sir Modred that day did his devoir, and put himself in great peril. And thus they fought all the long day, till the most of all the noble knights lay dead upon the ground. Then the king looked about him, and saw of all his host were left alive but two knights, Sir Lucan the butler, and Sir Bedivere his brother, and they were full sore wounded.

Then King Arthur saw where Sir Modred leaned upon his sword among a great heap of dead men. "Now give me my spear," said Arthur unto Sir Lucan, "for yonder I espy the traitor that hath wrought all this woe." "Sir, let him be," said Sir Lucan; "for if ye pass this unhappy day ye shall be right well revenged upon him. Remember what the sprite of Sir Gawain told you, and leave off now, for ye have won the field; and if ye leave off now this evil day of destiny is past." "Betide

me life, betide me death," said King Arthur, "he shall not now escape my hands." Then the king took his spear in both hands, and ran toward Sir Modred, crying, "Traitor, now is thy death-day come." And there King Arthur smote Sir Modred under the shield, with a thrust of his spear through the body. And when Sir Modred felt that he had his death-wound, with the might that he had he smote King Arthur, with his sword holden in both his hands, on the side of the head, that the sword pierced the helmet and the brain-pan; and then Sir Modred fell stark dead upon the earth. And the noble Arthur fell in a swoon to the earth.

Sir Lucan the butler and Sir Bedivere raised him up, and gently led him betwixt them both to a little chapel not far from the seaside. And when the king was there he thought him well eased. Then heard they people cry in the field. And Sir Lucan went to see what that cry betokened; and he saw by the moonlight that pillers and robbers were come to rob the dead. And he returned, and said to the king, "By my rede, it is best that we bring you to some town." "I would it were so," said the king. And when the king tried to go he fainted. Then Sir Lucan took up the king on the one part, and Sir Bedivere on the other part; and in the lifting Sir Lucan fell in a swoon to the earth, for he was grievously

wounded. And then the noble knight's heart burst. And when the king awoke he beheld Sir Lucan, how he lay foaming at the mouth, and speechless. "Alas!" said the king, "this is to me a full heavy sight, to see this noble duke so die for my sake; for he would have holpen me that had more need of help than I, and he would not complain, his heart was so set to help me."

Sir Bedivere wept for his brother. "Leave this mourning and weeping," said the king, "for wit thou well, if I might live myself, the death of Sir Lucan would grieve me evermore; but my time hieth fast. Therefore," said Arthur unto Sir Bedivere, "take thou Excalibur, my good sword, and go with it to yonder water-side; and when thou comest there I charge thee throw my sword in that water, and come again and tell me what thou there seest." "My lord," said Sir Bedivere, "your commandment shall be done." So Sir Bedivere departed, and by the way he beheld that noble sword, that the pommel and the haft were all of precious stones; and then he said to himself, "If I throw this rich sword into the water no good shall come thereof, but only harm and loss."

Then Sir Bedivere hid Excalibur under a tree. And so, as soon as he might, he came again unto the king. "What sawest thou there?" said the king. "Sir," he said, "I saw nothing." "Alas!

thou hast deceived me," said the king. "Go thou lightly again, and as thou love me, spare not to throw it in." Then Sir Bedivere went again, and took the sword in his hand to throw it; but again it beseemed him but sin and shame to throw away that noble sword, and he hid it away again, and returned, and told the king he had done his commandment. "What sawest thou there?" said the king. "Sir," he said, "I saw nothing but waters deep and waves wan." "Ah, traitor untrue!" said King Arthur, "now hast thou betrayed me twice. And yet thou art named a noble knight, and hast been lief and dear to me. But now go again, and do as I bid thee, for thy long tarrying putteth me in jeopardy of my life."

Then again Sir Bedivere lightly took the sword up, and went to the water-side, and he bound the girdle about the hilt, and then he threw the sword as far into the water as he might. And there came an arm and a hand out of the water and met it, and caught it, and shook it thrice and brandished it, and then vanished away the hand with the sword in the water.

Then Sir Bedivere came again to the king, and told him what he saw. "Help me hence," said the king, "for I fear I have tarried too long." Then Sir Bedivere took the king on his back, and so went with him to that water-side; and when

they came there, even fast by the bank there rode a little barge with many fair ladies in it, and among them was a queen; and all had black hoods, and they wept and shrieked when they saw King Arthur.

"Now put me in the barge," said the king. And there received him three queens with great mourning, and in one of their laps King Arthur laid his head. And the queen said, "Ah, dear brother, why have ye tarried so long? Alas! this wound on your head hath caught overmuch cold." And then they rowed from the land, and Sir Bedivere beheld them go from him. Then he cried: "Ah, my lord Arthur, will ye leave me here alone among mine enemies?" "Comfort thyself," said the king, "for in me is no further help; for I will to the Isle of Avalon, to heal me of my grievous wound." And as soon as Sir Bedivere had lost sight of the barge he wept and wailed; then he took the forest, and went all that night, and in the morning he was ware of a chapel and a hermitage.

Then went Sir Bedivere thither; and when he came into the chapel he saw where lay an hermit on the ground, near a tomb that was newly graven. "Sir," said Sir Bedivere, "what man is there buried that ye pray so near unto?" "Fair son," said the hermit, "I know not verily. But this

night there came a number of ladies, and brought hither one dead, and prayed me to bury him." "Alas!" said Sir Bedivere, "that was my lord, King Arthur." Then Sir Bedivere swooned; and when he awoke he prayed the hermit he might abide with him, to live with fasting and prayers. "Ye are welcome," said the hermit. So there bode Sir Bedivere with the hermit, and put on poor clothes, and served the hermit full lowly in fasting and in prayers.

Thus of Arthur I find never more written in books that be authorized, nor more of the very certainty of his death; but thus was he led away in a ship, wherein were three queens; the one was King Arthur's sister, Queen Morgane le Fay; the other was Viviane, the Lady of the Lake; and the third was the queen of North Galis. And this tale Sir Bedivere, knight of the Table Round, made to be written.

Yet some men say that King Arthur is not dead, but hid away into another place, and men say that he shall come again and reign over England. But many say that there is written on his tomb this verse: —

"*Hic jacet Arthurus, Rex quondam, Rexque futurus.*"
Here lies Arthur, King once and King to be.

churls: rough, common fellows.
Merlin was the wise man and magician.

crafts: enchantments.
joust: to try one's strength in knightly fashion.
passing: very.
razed: torn off.
leech: doctor.
no force: no matter.
samite: a kind of silk.
beseen: furnished.
Caerleon was one of King Arthur's favorite cities.
jeopard: endanger.
devoir: knightly duty.
sprite: spirit, ghost.
pillers: thieves.
by my rede: in my opinion.
holpen: the old past participle.
wit: know.
rode: floated.
I find: so writes Sir Thomas Malory.

SIR GALAHAD

MY good blade carves the casques of men,
My tough lance thrusteth sure;
My strength is as the strength of ten,
Because my heart is pure.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

CHAUCER

DAN Chaucer, the first warbler, whose sweet breath
Preluded those melodious bursts that fill
The spacious times of great Elizabeth
With sounds that echo still.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

THE WIFE OF BATH'S TALE

By Geoffrey Chaucer

GEOFFREY CHAUCER was born in London about 1340. His father and grandfather belonged to the upper class of merchants, and he received an excellent education. When a lad, he was made a page to the Princess Elizabeth, daughter-in-law to Edward III, and all his life he was associated more or less with the court. Chaucer saw service as a soldier in France and was taken prisoner, and the king thought enough of the youth to pay a large sum for his ransom. After that he rose rapidly in favor, and was given several offices with good salaries attached; he was also sent abroad on diplomatic errands. Chaucer was pensioned by three kings, but his pensions were not always regularly paid, for in his old age he complained of poverty. So in 1399 Henry IV gave him a sum ample for his wants, and the poet took a house in the garden of a

GEOFFREY CHAUCER

chapel at Westminster, where he lived for ten months, dying there Oct. 25, 1400. Chaucer wrote a number of poems in his youth, but his greatest work was done after he was forty years old. Then he wrote "The Canterbury Tales," which have no equal in English verse. As a ground for his stories he took a pilgrimage to the tomb of Thomas à Becket, the martyred Archbishop of Canterbury, whose body lay in a splendid shrine in the cathedral of Canterbury. The Canterbury pilgrims represent all ranks of English life, from the knight to the sailor. All these characters gathered at the Tabard Inn in Southwark, just across the Thames. It was the month of April, when flowers were beginning to bloom and the hedgerows were green and the birds were singing in the tree-tops. Among the company were a knight; his son, a squire; a yeoman; a prioress; a shipman; and among the rest a woman styled the "Wife of Bath." This person was skillful in the way of cloth-working, and was blessed with abundant means; at the time of this pilgrimage she was a widow for the fifth time, but not a bit sad, on the contrary, very lively and talkative. The landlord of the inn proposed that the travelers should beguile the long journey by each telling two stories on the way to the shrine and two on the way back, and that the best story should be rewarded by a famous supper. The plan was adopted, and at the first stopping-place on the road the recital was begun by the knight. In due time the turn came to the "Wife of Bath," who told the story given here, which has been turned into prose by Mary Seymour, an English writer. You could not read the tongue in which Chaucer wrote, for language changes with time, and five hundred years ago men spoke English with a pronunciation very different from ours. Nevertheless Chaucer is called the first English poet, and stands in the front rank of those who have attempted to tell stories in melodious verse.

IN the olden days of King Arthur there lived an elf-queen, who, with her companions, danced merrily on many a green mead. Nowadays mortals do not see fairies, but what I am going to tell you happened hundreds and hundreds of years ago.

There was one of Arthur's famous knights who

on a certain day was riding by a river-side, and seeing a beautiful maiden walking on its banks, he fell suddenly yet violently in love with her. This came by some means to the ears of the king, and put him in such a state of indignation that the young man's head was endangered. Indeed, had it not been for the entreaties of the queen and her maidens, he must have died.

When Arthur yielded and pardoned the offender, he gave him into the custody of his royal wife, telling her to employ the knight as she chose; and she directly resolved to set him to answer a very difficult question. Calling him into her presence, she said, "If you care for your life, find out for me what thing it is in this world that women most desire. To do this you shall have a year and a day, and shall travel where you will; when that time has expired you must return, and if you are not able to tell me this, your head shall be struck off with the sword."

With a downcast face and a sorrowful heart the knight left the court and began to visit many places, always with the hope that in each one he might make the discovery of what it is that women most eagerly desire. To this end he made many inquiries. Some told him that women loved riches more than aught else life can give; others declared they preferred honor. Again, others de-

cided it must be flattery, while some insisted that it was fine clothing. At last he heard that a woman valued nothing so much as perfect freedom to do her own will — in fact, I could not repeat to you half the suggestions which were poured into the ears of this much-bewildered knight. Finally, he began to fear that his life would be sacrificed, for he despaired of discovering, before the year and a day had expired, a satisfactory answer to the question the queen had given him. Meanwhile time was rolling quickly by, and despite the many opinions offered him, the knight felt that he really knew no more than when he had started on his journey of discovery. When the very last day came, he durst not delay his return to the court, but was riding homeward in deep dejection by way of a large and lonely forest. On one of the stretches of soft, green grass he perceived some four-and-twenty young and graceful ladies dancing merrily together. "Surely one of these must be able to tell me what thing it is that women most desire," he said to himself. Spurring his horse forward, with fresh hope springing up in his breast, he rode up to the group of dancers. Alas! ere he reached them they had vanished, nor was any one near but a very old and hideously ugly woman.

The grievously disappointed knight would have

passed on, but this aged crone seemed determined to stop him and to ask what chance or business had brought him that way. "Old folks know a good deal," she added, as he seemed reluctant to give her an answer; and the expression of her face plainly indicated that she well knew him to be in some great perplexity.

Thus urged, the knight told her all. "I am in danger of my life," he said; "in fact, unless I can give an answer to a certain question this very night, I am a dead man. For a year and a day I have wandered far and inquired of many, yet I have failed to discover what thing it is which women most desire; and that is what I must tell the queen and her maidens."

A weird smile passed over the old dame's face. "Be happy and dismiss all your fears then, for I can give you the answer. Only swear that in return for my help you will grant me any favor I may ask of you by and by."

The knight promised, for he was only too glad to do anything that could save him from the displeasure and punishment of the queen; and forthwith the woman began to whisper in his ear, and sent him presently on his way as much rejoiced as he had been previously desponding.

Arrived at the court, he at once declared that he had been successful, and well knew what to

say; so he was ushered into the presence-chamber, where the queen sat ready to judge of his answer, and to which all her ladies came hurrying in, for they were exceedingly anxious to hear his speech.

There was neither fear nor hesitation in the youth's manner and tone. "My liege lady," he exclaimed, in a clear high voice which reached every ear, "I give you this answer to the matter concerning which you employed me. That which women most desire is entire sovereignty over their husbands or over their lovers."

Not one wife present, not one maiden of all that throng opened her lips to contradict him, for each one felt the truth of the reply, and agreed that he had well won his life at the hands of their royal mistress.

But now, from an obscure corner, there started up the ugly woman of the wood. "Mercy, ladye queen," she cried; "I pray you listen to my appeal now in the presence of your court. It was I who instructed this young knight what to say, and so relieved him from his fear and danger. In return, he vowed that he would grant me any request I should make him. I wish to make it now in your presence. Sir Knight, my petition is that you give me your love and make me your wife."

How shall I paint the poor young knight's distress, his glance of surprise and horror! Never

had he imagined that her request would be such as this; never had he even reflected on the chance of its being difficult or disagreeable to him; and now he began to entreat her to ask something else.

But his pleading was in vain, for the old dame was resolute, — his wife she would be; and the end of the discussion was that he was forced to marry her by reason of the rash promise made in the wood.

Sick at heart, sad of countenance was the unhappy bridegroom during that marriage ceremony, and the feasting which, according to custom, must needs follow it; but he was far more wretched when all the guests had taken their departure, and he was left alone in the company of his unloved, unsought bride. A smile played upon her face as she greeted him with an inquiry as to whether it was usual for the renowned knights of King Arthur to frown on their brides; she craved to know too if there was any fault by which she had angered him, for in that case it would certainly be amended.

"Amended!" cried the knight. "Alas, alas! it can never be amended, for your fault is that you are old, poor, loathsome, and of such base degree. Well may I be miserable and sad of countenance when I find myself wedded to such a wife."

"Is this the whole of your trouble?" she answered. "Is there indeed no further source of

misery? If so, it is well, for I can amend even my unattractive exterior, and if first you will treat me with kindness and knightly courtesy. Remember that he is the greatest gentleman who performs all the gentle deeds he can — not he who owns the largest possessions, or who can boast the longest and noblest line of ancestors. And mark you, Sir Knight, and dear husband, that true gentility can never be bequeathed to us like gifts of rank and fortune; it springs from grace."

The knight answered nothing, he was sorely vexed and disappointed; moreover, he felt the truth of the words, which were a kind of rebuke to him. As he kept silence, the wife began to speak of those points which he deemed defects, and for which he had reproached her. "Though my ancestors were humble, yet may God give me grace to live virtuously; and that makes me truly like one of gentle birth. You accuse me of poverty, but the high God in whom we both believe chose to come down to earth and live a poor life; and every man, woman, and child may know that He would not have chosen any state that was bad. Nay, many a wise philosopher of earth has told that contented poverty is an honest thing, while

> "He that coveteth is a poor wight,
> For he would have what is not in his might;

> But he that nought hath, nor coveteth to have,
> Is rich, although ye hold him as a knave."

But she had more to say than this. Her husband had rebuked her because of her age, and she would remind him that years were honorable, and moreover, were a safeguard against the levity and vanity so common to young women. Finally she bade him choose if he would have her just as she was (yet a true, loving, faithful wife, whose greatest happiness was to do his will), or would have her young, fair, and gay, but without a thought for his pleasure and peace of mind.

The knight still hesitated, for his disappointment and vexation had been great and could not at once be dispelled; but his natural courtesy gained the ascendency, and he spoke kindly, —

> "My lady and my love and wife so dear,
> I put me in your wise governance;
> Choose yourself which may be most pleasant
> And most honor to you and me also.
> I do not force thee neither of the two;
> For as you liketh, it sufficeth me."

"Then have I gotten the mastery," cried the dame, "if indeed you mean that I may choose and govern how things shall be between us."

"Yes, certainly, wife; for I believe it will be happiest and best," he answered.

"Then I make choice to be both fair and good," she exclaimed. "Turn your eyes toward me now."

He obeyed, and behold he saw in place of an aged, wrinkled dame a maiden as fair and blooming as maiden could be; the age and ugliness had only been a disguise lent by the elf-queen that so the courtesy of one of Arthur's knights should be put to the proof.

Never, so people say, were husband and wife happier in each other's company; for while she obeyed him in all things, he sought only what would give her peace and pleasure. And thus they dwelt together unto their lives' end.

elf-queen: queen of elves, who were small, mischievous fairies.

durst: dared.

weird: unearthly.

presence-chamber: the room in which a monarch or great man receives those who have the right to appear before him.

liege: meant that the person to whom the title was given had the right of lordship over the speaker.

amended: changed.

base degree: of low birth and station.

and if first: the *and* is a conditional conjunction and really repeats the *if*.

in his might: in his power to have.

knave: meant originally *boy* or *youth*; here it means *servant*.

governance: government.

as you liketh: as it pleases you.

it sufficeth: is agreeable to me.

THE DAFFODILS

By William Wordsworth

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

Wordsworth was born at Cockermouth, on the borders of the English Lake Country, April 7, 1770, and died at Rydal Mount, April 23, 1850. He early in life devoted himself to poetry, and especially to discerning the poetry of nature. For many years he lived the simplest possible life that he might have leisure to observe and meditate. His poems are not of nature alone, but of man as well; indeed he often expresses the idea that one may recognize the same spirit in nature and in man. In the following poem the final conception gives the idea of a real life in nature. Like many other poets, Wordsworth was not well understood in his own lifetime, but as time has gone on, the estimation of his works has increased till he is now commonly thought of as the greatest of English poets after Shakespeare and Milton.

I WANDERED lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills
When all at once I saw a crowd —
A host of golden daffodils —
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
  And twinkle on the Milky Way,
They stretched in never-ending line
  Along the margin of the bay:
Ten thousand saw I, at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they
  Outdid the sparkling waves in glee;
A poet could not be but gay
  In such a jocund company.
I gazed, and gazed, but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought.

For oft, when on my couch I lie
  In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
  Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills
And dances with the daffodils.

WISE SAYINGS

Never lose an opportunity to see anything beautiful. Beauty is God's handwriting.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

Two men look out through the same bars;
One sees the mud and one the stars.

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

THE ADVENTURES OF PAUP-PUK-KEEWIS

By Henry Rowe Schoolcraft

HENRY ROWE SCHOOLCRAFT

Henry Rowe Schoolcraft (March 28, 1793–Dec. 10, 1864) was one of the most distinguished of those explorers and students who laid the foundations of our knowledge of the American Indian. He traveled over much of the Mississippi Valley, but his chief field of activity was about Lake Superior. He wrote accounts of his travels and also made a collection of Indian legends under the name of "Algic Researches." The name "Algic," he employed to designate the tribes which are commonly called Algonkin. The legends which he repeats were in great part Ojibway tales, coming from the northern peninsula of Michigan. They gave Longfellow a basis for a good deal of "Hiawatha," as may be seen by comparing the following extract with the poem on pages 94–100. Longfellow has altered the story a little. In the Indian original, Paup-Puk-Keewis had left the village in which he was living, in search of adventure. His insults to "Manabozho" (the original of "Hiawatha") come after his transformations, not before.

AFTER walking a while he came to a lake, which flooded the trees on its banks; he found it was only a lake made by beavers. He took his station on the elevated dam, where the

stream escaped, to see whether any of the beavers would show themselves. He soon saw the head of one peeping out of the water to see who disturbed them.

"My friend," said Paup-Puk-Keewis, "could you not turn me into a beaver like yourself?" For he thought if he could become a beaver, he would see and know how those animals lived.

"I do not know," replied the beaver; "I will go and ask the others."

Soon all the beavers showed their heads above the water, and looked to see if he was armed; but he had left his bow and arrows in a hollow tree at a short distance. When they were satisfied, they all came near.

"Can you not, with all your united power," said he, "turn me into a beaver? I wish to live among you."

"Yes," answered their chief, "lie down." And he soon found himself changed into one of them.

"You must make me *large*," said he; "*larger* than any of you."

"Yes, yes," said they. "By and by, when we get into the lodge, it shall be done."

In they all dove into the lake; and in passing large heaps of limbs and logs at the bottom, he asked the use of them; they answered, "It is for our winter's provisions." When they all got

into the lodge their number was about one hundred. The lodge was large and warm.

"Now we will make you large," said they. "Will *that* do?" exerting their power.

"Yes," he answered; for he found he was ten times the size of the largest.

"You need not go out," said they. "We will bring your food into the lodge, and you will be our chief."

"Very well," Paup-Puk-Keewis answered. He thought, "I will stay here and grow fat at their expense." But, soon after, one ran into the lodge out of breath, saying, "We are visited by Indians." All huddled together in great fear. The water began to lower, for the hunters had broken down the dam, and they soon heard them on the roof of the lodge, breaking it up. Out jumped all the beavers into the water, and so escaped. Paup-Puk-Keewis tried to follow them; but alas! they had made him so large that he could not creep out of the hole. He tried to call them back, but to no effect; he worried himself so much in trying to escape, that he looked like a bladder. He could not turn himself back into a man, although he heard and understood all the hunters said. One of them put his head in at the top of the lodge.

"Ty-au!" cried he; "Tut Ty-au! Me-shau-

mik, King of the beavers, is in." They all got at him and knocked his skull till it was as soft as his brains. He thought as well as ever he did, though he was a beaver. Seven or eight of them then placed his body on poles and carried him home. As they went, he reflected in this manner: "What will become of me? my ghost or shadow will not die after they get me to their lodges." Invitations were immediately sent out for a grand feast. The women took him out into the snow to skin him; but, as soon as his flesh got cold, his Jee-bi went off.

Paup-Puk-Keewis found himself standing near a prairie, having reassumed his mortal shape. After walking a distance, he saw a herd of elk feeding. He admired the apparent ease and enjoyment of their life, and thought there could be nothing pleasanter than the liberty of running about and feeding on the prairies. He asked them if they could not turn him into their shape.

"Yes," they answered, after a pause. "Get down on your hands and feet." And he soon found himself an elk.

"I want big horns, big feet," said he; "I wish to be very large."

"Yes! yes!" they said.

"There!" exerting their power; "are you big enough?"

"Yes!" he answered, for he saw that he was very large. They spent a good time in grazing and running. Being rather cold one day he went into a thick wood for shelter, and was followed by most of the herd. They had not been long there before some elks from behind passed the others like a strong wind. All took the alarm, and off they ran, he with the rest.

"Keep out on the plains," they said.

But he found it was too late, as they had already got entangled in the thick woods. Paup-Puk-Keewis soon smelt the hunters, who were closely following his trail, for they had left all the others and followed him. He jumped furiously, and broke down saplings in his flight, but it only served to retard his progress. He soon felt an arrow in his side; he jumped over trees in his agony, but the arrows clattered thicker and thicker upon his sides, and at last one entered his heart. He fell to the ground, and heard the whoop of triumph sounded by the hunters. On coming up, they looked on the carcass with astonishment, and with their hands up to their mouths exclaimed, "Ty-au! Ty-au!" There were about sixty in the party, who had come out on a special hunt, as one of their number had, the day before, observed his large tracks on the plains. After skinning him, and his flesh getting cold, his Jee-bi took its flight

from the carcass, and he again found himself in human shape, with a bow and arrows.

But his passion for adventure was not yet cooled; for, on coming to a large lake with a sandy beach, he saw a large flock of brant, and speaking to them, asked them to turn him into a brant.

"Yes," they replied.

"But I want to be very large," he said.

"Very well," they answered; and he soon found himself a large brant, all the others standing gazing in astonishment at his large size.

"You must fly as leader," they said.

"No," answered Paup-Puk-Keewis, "I will fly behind."

"Very well," they said. "One thing more we have to say to you. You must be careful, in flying, not to look down, for something may happen to you."

"Well! it is so," said he; and soon the flock rose up into the air, for they were bound north. They flew very fast, he behind. One day, while going with a strong wind, and as swift as their wings could flap, while passing over a large village, the Indians raised a great shout on seeing them, particularly on Paup-Puk-Keewis's account, for his wings were broader than two large aupukwa. They made such a noise that he forgot what had been told him about looking down. They were

now going as swift as arrows; and, as soon as he brought his neck in and stretched it down to look at the shouters, his tail was caught by the wind, and over and over he was blown. He tried to right himself, but without success. Down, down he went, making more turns than he wished for, from a height of several miles. The first thing he knew was, that he was jammed into a large hollow tree. To get back or forward was out of the question, and there he remained till his brant life was ended by starvation. His Jee-bi again left the carcass, and he once more found himself in the shape of a human being.

dam: The beaver makes a dam of logs in a stream to obtain the deep water necessary to him.

winter's provisions: The bark of trees is a great part of the beaver's food.

lodge: In the winter the beaver lives in a house which he makes in the water.

the hole: The beaver's house has its door under water.

women took him: The Indian squaws do all the work, the braves simply kill the game.

Jee-bi: his soul or spirit.

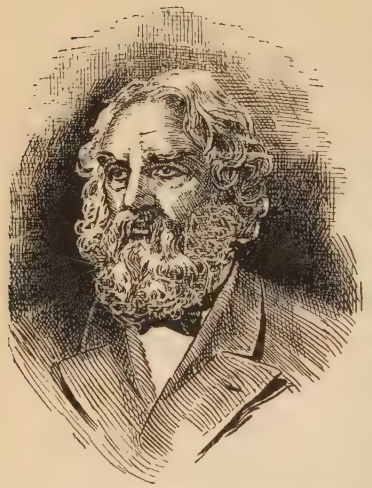
brant: a kind of wild goose.

aupukwa: mats.

in the shape: In "Hiawatha" it is not till Paup-Puk-Keewis is killed in his own shape that he finally dies. Longfellow tells how after these transformations Paup-Puk-Keewis is pursued by Hiawatha and finally crushed in a cave among the Pictured Rocks.

THE PEACE-PIPE

By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow



HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

"In an old square wooden house upon the edge of the sea," was born the most widely read and best loved of all American poets, Feb. 27, 1807. This wooden house was in the city of Portland, Maine, and in due time he went from it to Bowdoin College, where he was graduated in 1825. Longfellow's life always moved on even lines; his family was in comfortable circumstances; a college appointment awaited him at his graduation; he served with honor as Professor of Literature at Harvard; and his friends formed a delightful circle. His home in Cambridge had been Washington's headquarters during the Revolutionary War, and was full of historic tradition; aside from this, it was the most delightful spot imaginable, when the poet gathered his friends there. From 1854 to his death, March 24, 1882, Longfellow devoted himself wholly to literature, producing many volumes of poems. He believed that poetry should be a thing of use as well as beauty; so he put into verse many stories which some critics thought belonged rather to prose. But he has told his tales so well that his descriptions are like vivid paintings, and he is at his best when he writes upon themes taken from the history or legends of our own country. Such a story is "Hiawatha," relating, under the guise of the adventures of the grandson of Nokomis, the moon, the progress of civilization among the American Indians. In the "Peace-Pipe" the Great Spirit calls all the tribes together and tells them of the Deliverer who is to guide and teach the nations.

ON the Mountains of the Prairie,
On the great Red Pipe-stone Quarry,
Gitche Manito, the mighty,
He the Master of Life, descending,
On the red crags of the quarry
Stood erect, and called the nations,
Called the tribes of men together.
From his footprints flowed a river,
Leaped into the light of morning,
O'er the precipice plunging downward
Gleamed like Ishkoodah, the comet.
And the Spirit, stooping earthward,
With his finger on the meadow
Traced a winding pathway for it,
Saying to it, "Run in this way!"
From the red stone of the quarry
With his hand he broke a fragment,
Molded it into a pipe-head,
Shaped and fashioned it with figures;
From the margin of the river
Took a long reed for a pipe-stem,
With its dark green leaves upon it;
Filled the pipe with bark of willow,
With the bark of the red willow;
Breathed upon the neighboring forest,
Made its great boughs chafe together,
Till in flame they burst and kindled;
And erect upon the mountains,

Gitche Manito, the mighty,
Smoked the calumet, the Peace-Pipe,
As a signal to the nations.
And the smoke rose slowly, slowly,
Through the tranquil air of morning,
First a single line of darkness,
Then a denser, bluer vapor,
Then a snow-white cloud unfolding,
Like the tree-tops of the forest,
Ever rising, rising, rising,
Till it touched the top of heaven,
Till it broke against the heaven,
And rolled outward all around it.
From the Vale of Tawasentha,
From the Valley of Wyoming,
From the groves of Tuscaloosa,
From the far-off Rocky Mountains,
From the Northern lakes and rivers
All the tribes beheld the signal,
Saw the distant smoke ascending,
The Pukwana of the Peace-Pipe.
And the Prophets of the nations
Said: "Behold it, the Pukwana!
By this signal from afar off,
Bending like a wand of willow,
Waving like a hand that beckons,
Gitche Manito, the mighty,
Calls the tribes of men together,
Calls the warriors to his council!"

Down the rivers, o'er the prairies,
Came the warriors of the nations,
Came the Delawares and Mohawks,
Came the Choctaws and Comanches,
Came the Shoshonies and Blackfeet,
Came the Pawnees and Omahas,
Came the Mandans and Dacotahs,
Came the Hurons and Ojibways,
All the warriors drawn together
By the signal of the Peace-Pipe,
To the Mountains of the Prairie,
To the great Red Pipe-stone Quarry.

And they stood there on the meadow,
With their weapons and their war-gear,
Painted like the leaves of Autumn,
Painted like the sky of morning,
Wildly glaring at each other;
In their faces stern defiance,
In their hearts the feuds of ages,
The hereditary hatred,
The ancestral thirst of vengeance.

Gitche Manito, the mighty,
The creator of the nations,
Looked upon them with compassion,
With paternal love and pity;
Looked upon their wrath and wrangling
But as quarrels among children,
But as feuds and fights of children!

Over them he stretched his right hand,
To subdue their stubborn natures,
To allay their thirst and fever,
By the shadow of his right hand;
Spake to them with voice majestic
As the sound of far-off waters
Falling into deep abysses,
Warning, chiding, spake in this wise: —
"O my children! my poor children!
Listen to the words of wisdom,
Listen to the words of warning,
From the lips of the Great Spirit,
From the Master of Life, who made you!
"I have given you lands to hunt in,
I have given you streams to fish in,
I have given you bear and bison,
I have given you roe and reindeer,
I have given you brant and beaver,
Filled the marshes full of wild-fowl,
Filled the rivers full of fishes;
Why then are you not contented?
Why then will you hunt each other?
"I am weary of your quarrels,
Weary of your wars and bloodshed,
Weary of your prayers for vengeance,
Of your wranglings and dissensions;
All your strength is in your union,
All your danger is in discord;

Therefore be at peace henceforward,
And as brothers live together.

"I will send a Prophet to you,
A Deliverer of the nations,
Who shall guide you and shall teach you,
Who shall toil and suffer with you.
If you listen to his counsels,
You will multiply and prosper;
If his warnings pass unheeded,
You will fade away and perish!

"Bathe now in the stream before you,
Wash the war-paint from your faces,
Wash the blood-stains from your fingers,
Bury your war-clubs and your weapons,
Break the red stone from this quarry,
Mold and make it into Peace-Pipes,
Take the reeds that grow beside you,
Deck them with your brightest feathers,
Smoke the calumet together,
And as brothers live henceforward!"

Then upon the ground the warriors
Threw their cloaks and shirts of deerskin,
Threw their weapons and their war-gear,
Leaped into the rushing river,
Washed the war-paint from their faces.
Clear above them flowed the water,
Clear and limpid from the footprints
Of the Master of Life descending;

Dark below them flowed the water,
Soiled and stained with streaks of crimson,
As if blood were mingled with it!
From the river came the warriors,
Clean and washed from all their war-paint;
On the banks their clubs they buried,
Buried all their warlike weapons.
Gitche Manito, the mighty,
The Great Spirit, the creator,
Smiled upon his helpless children!
And in silence all the warriors
Broke the red stone of the quarry,
Smoothed and formed it into Peace-Pipes,
Broke the long reeds by the river,
Decked them with their brightest feathers,
And departed each one homeward,
While the Master of Life, ascending,
Through the opening of cloud-curtains,
Through the doorways of the heaven,
Vanished from before their faces,
In the smoke that rolled around him,
The Pukwana of the Peace-Pipe!

Red Pipe-stone Quarry: in southwestern Minnesota.

Manito: the Indian word for "Deity"; "gitche" means great.

bark of red willow: This was used by the Indians as tobacco; it was called Kinni-Kinick.

calumet: the name given to the Indian pipe by French explorers.

Vale of Tawasentha, etc.: The Vale of Tawasentha is in New York; the Valley of Wyoming in Pennsylvania; the Tuscaloosa in Alabama.

warriors of the nations: The Mohawks came from the Vale of Tawasentha; the Delawares from the Valley of Wyoming; the Choctaws from the groves of Tuscaloosa; the Shoshonies, the Blackfeet, and some other tribes came from the Rocky Mountains and the West; the Hurons and the Ojibways from the Great Lakes.

war-gear: costumes and insignia of war.

INDIAN LEGENDS

By Charles Godfrey Leland

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND

Charles Godfrey Leland, born at Philadelphia, Aug. 15, 1824, is usually thought of in connection with his burlesque poems in Pennsylvania Dutch published under the title "Hans Breitmann's Party," but he did serious and valuable work in the study of the language and customs of the Gypsies, and in collecting the Indian legends of New England. Many of these legends and stories he obtained directly from members of the remnants of the Passamaquoddy and Penobscot tribes of Maine and the Micmacs of New Brunswick, who gave them as they had been handed down by mouth for generations. These legends are very interesting; the adventures of Master Rabbit remind one somewhat of the negro tales common in the South, although the hero is not so clever as his Southern brother. Leland died in Italy in 1903.

I. The Indian Orpheus

IT is well known that long ago fairies and elves lived in the woods. Some had their homes in trees and some in the little flowers. They danced and sang and led a merry life. They could charm mortals and sometimes taught them to sing wonderful songs. They knew how to play on magic pipes or flutes. When a mortal had been kind to them they would teach him how to play on the magic flute.

When Glooskap lived on earth he promised to give men whatever they wanted.

One day two young men began their journey to his wigwam. It was a very long way, but at last they came to the island where Glooskap lived. First they saw Dame Bear and Marten and next the master himself. They all sat down to dinner, but there was only a very small piece of meat. One of the young men thought it was a joke and took almost all that was on the dish, and at once the meat grew to its former size. Every one ate what he wanted, and at the end of the meal the dish was as full as ever.

One of these young men wished to have all the power the elves had. Glooskap told him to bathe in the streams, and then gave him a beautiful white robe and a hair chain of magic.

When he put this chain on, he could see and hear the elves and had all their power. Glooskap gave him a flute and told him to play and sing. Then he found that he had a beautiful voice and with his magic he could charm all men. The birds and beasts also listened to his music, and were even charmed with it. He became the great musician of the Indians.

Now the second young man wished to have for his wife the most beautiful of Indian maids.

Glooskap sent the musician with him to assist in winning the Indian girl. So he begged the master to lend them his magic canoe. "That I will gladly, if you will return it."

This the young man promised to do, and they went to the shore but could see no canoe. "There is my canoe," said the merry Glooskap, and he pointed to a rocky island covered with tall pine trees. When he spoke the island changed to a canoe with masts and sails, and they started on their journey.

At last they came to the place where the princess lived. They went to the wigwam of her father and were given seats of honor. The younger man said, "I am tired of living alone." The chief said that he was willing to give his daughter to the young Indian if he would slay the horned dragon. The young man agreed and with his friend left the wigwam.

During the night the magician went to the cave where the dragon lived. He placed a log over the entrance to the cave and began playing on his magic flute. Soon the dragon came forth, putting out his head after the manner of snakes.

While doing this he rested his neck upon the log, and the Indian cut off the serpent's head with one blow of his hatchet.

Then he took it to his friend, who in the morning gave it to the chief. The old man said to himself, "This time I fear I shall lose my child."

Then the chief said he would like to see the young man slide down hill. Two toboggans were brought out, one for the strangers and one for two powerful magicians.

The mountain was ragged with rocks and ice and trees. At the word both sleds went flying down the terrible mountain. Soon the young man was thrown off, and his friend stopped the toboggan an instant to drag him back. The other men did not know that the musician had done this so that the other sled would go before him.

Soon the sled of these two magicians stopped, but that of the strangers went over it and far up the side of the other hill.

Then the chief said to himself, "This time I have lost my daughter."

But there was a third trial for the young man.

The old Indian said, "There is a young man in my camp who has never been beaten in running. If you wish to win my daughter you must conquer him in the race."

Soon the elf-magician lent his friend the magic flute to give him power.

When the runners met, the young man asked, "Who art thou?" and the runner answered, "I am Northern Lights. And who art thou?"

The youth answered, "I am Chain Lightning!" and they ran. In an instant they could be seen no longer by the Indians of the village. They were far away over the distant hills.

They all sat down and waited, and before noon Chain Lightning returned, and he was not out of breath, though he had gone round the world.

At night, Northern Lights returned, and he was pale and trembling, though he had not been around the world and had turned back.

The old chief, seeing him beaten, exclaimed, "This time I shall certainly lose my child."

And yet there was another trial of the young man ere he could win her whom he wished.

There was in the village a man whom no one could excel in swimming or diving. The young man must try his strength with him. When they met, the man of the village said, "I am a Sea Duck!" The youth replied, "I am a Loon."

So they dived. The young man who called himself a Sea Duck rose to the surface of the water for air, but the Loon did not come up. Long they waited. An hour passed, and at last the Loon appeared.

Then the old chief said, "This is the last trial of your strength, and you have won my daughter."

So the young man married the beautiful daughter of the chief and took her back to his home and to his people.

Orpheus: in Greek mythology the son of Apollo, who possessed the power of charming men and beasts with his music.

toboggan: a long, narrow sled made of a single thickness of wood curved backward at one end; originally used by the Indians of Lower Canada to carry loads over the snow.

II. Master Rabbit's Adventure with the Otter

Of old times, Mahtigwess, the Rabbit, who is called in the Micmac tongue, Ablugumoch, lived with his grandmother, waiting for better times; and truly he found it a hard matter in midwinter, when ice was on the river and snow was on the plain, to provide even for his small household. And running through the forest one day he found a lonely wigwam, and he that dwelt there was Keeony, the Otter. The lodge was on the bank

of a river, and a smooth road of ice slanted from the door to the water. And the Otter made him welcome and directed his housekeeper to get ready to cook; saying which, he took the lines on which he was wont to string fish when he had them, and went to fetch a mess for dinner.

Placing himself on the top of the slide, he coasted in and under the water, and then came out with a great bunch of eels, which were soon cooked, and on which they dined.

"By my life," thought Master Rabbit, "but that is an easy way of getting a living! Truly, this fishing folk have full fare and cheap! Cannot I, who am so clever, do as well as this mere Otter? Of course, why not?" Thereupon he grew so confident of himself as to invite the Otter to dine with him on the third day after that, and so went home.

"Come on!" he said to his grandmother the next morning: "let us remove our wigwam down to the lake." So they removed, and he selected a site such as the Otter had chosen for his home, and the weather being cold he made a road of ice or a coast down from his door to the water, and all was well. Then the guest came at the time set, and Rabbit, calling his grandmother, bade her get ready to cook a dinner.

"But what am I to cook, grandson?" inquired the old dame.

"Truly, I shall see to that," said he, and made himself a *nabogun*, or stick to string eels. Then going to the ice path, he tried to slide like one skilled in the art, but indeed with little luck, for he went first to the right side, then to the left, and he hunched and jumped till he came to the water, where he went in with a bob backward.

And this bad beginning had no better ending, since of all swimmers and divers the Rabbit is the very worst, and this one was no better than his brothers. The water was cold, he lost his breath, he struggled and was well-nigh drowned.

"But what on earth ails the fellow?" said the Otter to the grandmother, who was looking on in amazement.

"Well, he has seen somebody do something and is trying to do likewise," replied the old lady.

"Ho! come out of that now," cried the Otter, "and hand me your *nabogun!*" And the poor Rabbit, shivering with cold and almost frozen, came from the water and limped into the lodge. And there he required much nursing from his grandmother, while the Otter, plunging into the stream, soon returned with a load of fish. But disgusted with the Rabbit for attempting what he could not perform, he threw them down as a gift and went home without tasting the meal.

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS

By Felicia Hemans

Felicia Dorothea Browne Hemans (Sept. 25, 1793–May 16, 1835) was an English poet best known for her lyrics. Her verses are more remarkable for sentiment than for strength, and her style is now old-fashioned. Still she has written some poems which have real merit and which will always stir the reader. Such an one is the following selection which gives a vivid picture of the bleak winter day on which the ship *Mayflower* cast anchor in Plymouth harbor and the band of exiles found a new home in a strange land.

FELICIA DOROTHEA BROWNE HEMANS

THE breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed.

And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came,

Not with the roll of stirring drums,
And the trump that sings of fame.

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear: —
They shook the depths of the desert gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard and the sea,
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free!

The ocean eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam,
And the rocking pines of the forest roared —
This was their welcome home!

There were men with hoary hair
Amidst that pilgrim band; —
Why had they come to wither there
Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar? —
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war? —
They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod!
They have left unstained what there they found,
Freedom to worship God.

LIBERTY OR DEATH

By Patrick Henry

PATRICK HENRY

Patrick Henry (May 29, 1736–June 6, 1799) was a Virginian. His father, John Henry, a Scotchman of good education, was related to William Robertson, the historian. His mother, of Welsh descent, was noted for ability in conversation and talent in music. To his parents' surprise and great regret, Patrick made but poor progress in the small country school which he entered at the age of ten. His father then tried his hand in the education of his son, teaching him Latin, Greek, and mathematics, but Patrick showed as little aptitude for these studies as he had for reading, writing, and arithmetic. For eight years he tried vainly to get ahead successively as a merchant and a farmer. However, in his leisure moments he had read again and again anything historical on which he could lay his hands. His fondness for reading led him to examine certain law books. His interest was held by these law studies, and at the age of twenty-four his application for admission to the bar was favorably considered. Within a few years he established a remunerative practice. In 1765 he was elected a member of the Virginia legislature. The "Virginia Resolutions" declaring the right of the colonies to legislate for themselves were penned by him. These and various

fiery speeches established his fame as a legislative leader and an orator. The speech that follows, his most famous utterance, has been familar to the American school children of succeeding generations.

MR. PRESIDENT, no man thinks more highly than I do of the patriotism, as well as the abilities, of the very worthy gentlemen who have just addressed the House. But different men often see the same subject in different lights; and, therefore, I hope it will not be thought disrespectful to those gentlemen, if, entertaining, as I do, opinions of a character very opposite to theirs, I shall speak forth my sentiments freely and without reserve. This is no time for ceremony. The question before the House is one of awful moment to this country. For my own part, I consider it nothing less than a question of freedom or slavery; and in proportion to the magnitude of the subject ought to be the freedom of the debate. It is only in this way that we can hope to arrive at the truth, and fulfill the great responsibility which we hold to God and our country. Should I keep back my opinions at such a time, through fear of giving offense, I should consider myself as guilty of treason toward my country, and of an act of disloyalty toward the Majesty of Heaven, which I revere above all earthly kings.

Mr. President, it is natural to man to indulge in the illusions of Hope. We are apt to shut our

eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of that siren till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men, engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those who, having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not, the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth; to know the worst, and to provide for it.

I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided; and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past. And judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British Ministry for the last ten years to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the House. Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, sir; it will prove a snare to your feet. Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss. Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition comports with those warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our land. Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled that force must be called in to win back our love?

Let us not deceive ourselves, sir. These are the instruments of war and subjugation — the last arguments to which kings resort. I ask, sir, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it? Has Great Britain any enemy, in this quarter of the world, to call for this accumulation of navies and armies? No, sir, she has none. They are meant for us; they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains which the British Ministry have been so long forging. And what have we to oppose to them?

Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we anything new to offer upon the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable; but it has been all in vain. Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find, which have not been already exhausted?

Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves longer. Sir, we have done everything that could be done, to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned; we have remonstrated; we have supplicated; we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the Ministry and Parliament. Our petitions have been

slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult; our supplications have been disregarded; and we have been spurned, with contempt, from the foot of the throne! In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation.

There is no longer any room for hope. If we wish to be free; if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending; if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon, until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained; we must fight! I repeat it, sir, we must fight! An appeal to arms and to the God of Hosts is all that is left us.

They tell us, sir, that we are weak; unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot?

Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed

in our power. Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat but in submission and slavery. Our chains are forged. Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston. The war is inevitable; and let it come! I repeat, sir, let it come!

It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry, Peace, peace; but there is no peace. The war is actually begun. The next gale that sweeps from the North will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms. Our brethren are already in the field. Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but, as for me, give me liberty or give me death!

at such a time: A resolution to put the colony in a state of defense had been offered.

THE UPRISING—1775

By Thomas Buchanan Read

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ

Thomas Buchanan Read (March 12, 1822–May 11, 1872) was both a painter and poet, and because he had the double gift his poems are real word pictures. He published several volumes of poetry and he painted a number of pictures, though he was more successful with the pen than with the brush. For many years he lived at Rome where he had a studio, but a foreign life did not make him forget his own country. His most stirring poems are those founded upon incidents in American history. In the selection given, which is taken from a longer poem called "The Wagoner of the Alleghanies," Read relates an incident which is supposed to have occurred in Virginia when the news of the battle of Lexington had spread throughout the land and had found its way to the quiet Virginian town.

OUT of the North the wild news came,
Far flashing on its wings of flame,
Swift as the boreal light which flies
At midnight through the startled skies.

And there was tumult in the air,
The fife's shrill note, the drum's loud beat,
And through the wide land everywhere
The answering tread of hurrying feet,

While the first oath of Freedom's gun
Came on the blast from Lexington;
And Concord, roused, no longer tame,
Forgot her old baptismal name,
Made bare her patriot arm of power,
And swelled the discord of the hour.

Within its shade of elm and oak
The church of Berkeley Manor stood;
There Sunday found the rural folk
And some esteemed of gentle blood.
In vain their feet with loitering tread
Passed 'mid the graves where rank is naught;
All could not read the lesson taught
In that republic of the dead.

The pastor rose: the prayer was strong;
The psalm was warrior David's song;
The text, a few short words of might, —
"The Lord of hosts shall arm the right!"
He spoke of wrongs too long endured,
Of sacred rights to be secured;
Then from his patriot tongue of flame
The startling words for Freedom came,
The stirring sentences he spake
Compelled the heart to glow or quake;
And, rising on his theme's broad wing,
And grasping in his nervous hand
The imaginary battle brand,

In face of death he dared to fling
Defiance to a tyrant king.
Even as he spoke, his frame, renewed
In eloquence of attitude,
Rose, as it seemed, a shoulder higher;
Then swept his kindling glance of fire
From startled pew to breathless choir;
When suddenly his mantle wide
His hands impatient flung aside,
And, lo! he met their wondering eyes
Complete in all a warrior's guise.

A moment there was awful pause, —
  When Berkeley cried, "Cease, traitor! cease!
  God's temple is the house of peace!"
The other shouted, "Nay, not so,
When God is with our righteous cause;
  His holiest places then are ours,
  His temples are our forts and towers
That frown upon a tyrant foe;
In this the dawn of Freedom's day
There is a time to fight and pray!"

And now before the open door —
  The warrior priest had ordered so —
The enlisting trumpet's sudden roar
Rang through the chapel o'er and o'er,
  Its long reverberating blow

So loud and clear, it seemed the ear
Of dusty death must wake and hear.
And then the startling drum and fife
Fired the living with fiercer life;
While overhead with wild increase,
Forgetting its ancient toll of peace,
The great bell swung as ne'er before:
It seemed as it would never cease;
And every word its ardor flung
From off its jubilant iron tongue
Was, "War! War! War!"

"Who dares" — this was the patriot's cry,
As striding from the desk he came —
"Come out with me in Freedom's name,
For her to live, for her to die?"
A hundred hands flung up reply,
A hundred voices answered "I!"

boreal light: the appearance in the sky called northern light.

Concord: The name signifies "peace."

gentle blood: those belonging to the higher class, gentlemen and ladies.

battle brand: battle sword.

in face of death: He ran the risk of being arrested for treason, which was punishable by death.

warrior's guise: He wore a uniform under his minister's gown.

enlisting trumpet: the trumpet calling the people to arms.

OLD ESTHER DUDLEY

By Nathaniel Hawthorne

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

Nathaniel Hawthorne was born in the old town of Salem, Mass., July 4, 1804. He came of good old Puritan stock; his ancestors had lived in Salem for nearly two hundred years, and many of them had been sailors and sea captains. He was a shy, sensitive boy, fond of books and study, and the narrow means left by his father helped to keep him away from his neighbors. He began to write while at Bowdoin College, where Longfellow, who was his classmate, greatly encouraged him; but he worked hard and waited many years before the public recognized his worth as a writer. His novel "The Scarlet Letter" made his fame; this was published in 1850 and was followed by several other novels, the last of which was "The Marble Faun." He died May 19, 1864, at Plymouth, N. H., where he had gone for the benefit of his health. Hawthorne possessed wonderful powers of imagination and expressed his ideas in clear, simple language; for this reason much of his work is adapted to children as well as to older people. During the twelve years he spent in retirement at Salem he wrote many stories founded upon the legends and traditions of his native place and on fanciful bits of early history. These were published in magazines and newspapers and afterward gathered into a book under the title, "Twice Told Tales." One of these narratives is "Old Esther Dudley," which relates an imaginary incident in the Revolutionary War.

PART ONE

THE hour had come — the hour of defeat and humiliation — when Sir William Howe was to pass over the threshold of the Province House, and embark on board the British fleet. He cursed the destiny that had flung the shame of a dismembered empire upon him.

"Would to God," cried he, "that the rebels were even now at the doorstep! A blood-stain upon the floor should then bear testimony that the last British ruler was faithful to his trust."

The tremulous voice of a woman replied to his exclamation.

"Heaven's cause and the King's are one," it said. "Go forth, Sir William Howe, and trust in Heaven to bring back a Royal Governor in triumph."

Sir William Howe became conscious that an aged woman, leaning on a gold-headed staff, was standing betwixt him and the door. It was old Esther Dudley, who had dwelt almost immemorial years in this mansion. She was the daughter of an ancient and once eminent family; its last descendant. An office in the household, with merely nominal duties, had been assigned to her as a pretext for the payment of a small pension. The only actual share which she assumed in the business

of the mansion was to glide through its passages and public chambers, late at night, to see that the servants had dropped no fire from their flaring torches, nor left embers crackling and blazing on the hearths. Perhaps it was this invariable custom of walking her rounds in the hush of midnight, that caused the superstition of the times to invest the old woman with attributes of awe and mystery; fabling that she had entered the Province House, none knew whence, in the train of the first royal governor, and that it was her fate to dwell there till the last should have departed. But Sir William Howe, if he ever heard this legend, had forgotten it.

"Mistress Dudley, why are you loitering here?" asked he, with some severity of tone. "It is my pleasure to be the last in this mansion of the King."

"Not so, if it please your Excellency," answered the time-stricken woman. "This roof has sheltered me long. I will not pass from it until they bear me to the tomb of my forefathers. What other shelter is there for old Esther Dudley, save the Province House or the grave?"

"Now Heaven forgive me!" said Sir William Howe to himself. "I was about to leave this wretched old creature to starve or beg. Take this, good Mistress Dudley," he added, putting

a purse into her hands. "King George's head on these golden guineas is sterling yet, and will continue so, I warrant you, even should the rebels crown John Hancock their king. That purse will buy a better shelter than the Province House can now afford."

"While the burden of life remains upon me, I will have no other shelter than this roof," persisted Esther Dudley, striking her staff upon the floor, with a gesture that expressed immovable resolve. "And when your Excellency returns in triumph, I will totter into the porch to welcome you."

"My poor old friend!" answered the British General, and all his manly and martial pride could no longer restrain a gush of bitter tears. "This is an evil hour for you and me. The province which the King intrusted to my charge is lost. I go hence in misfortune — perchance in disgrace — to return no more. And you, who have seen governor after governor, in stately pageantry, ascend these steps — whose whole life has been an observance of majestic ceremonies, and a worship of the King — how will you endure the change? Come with us! Bid farewell to a land that has shaken off its allegiance, and live still under a royal government, at Halifax."

"Never, never!" said the pertinacious old

dame. "Here will I abide; and King George shall still have one true subject in his disloyal province."

"Beshrew the old fool!" muttered Sir William Howe. "She is the very moral of old-fashioned prejudice, and could exist nowhere but in this musty edifice. Well, then, Mistress Dudley, since you will tarry, I give the Province House in charge to you. Take this key, and keep it safe until myself, or some other royal governor, shall demand it of you."

Smiling bitterly at himself and her, he took the heavy key of the Province House, and delivering it into the old lady's hands, drew his cloak around him for departure. As the General glanced back at Esther Dudley's antique figure, he deemed her well fitted for such a charge, as being so perfect a representative of the decayed past. Then Sir William Howe strode forth, smiting his clinched hands together, in the fierce anguish of his spirit; and old Esther Dudley was left to keep watch in the lonely Province House.

The total change of affairs that ensued on the departure of the British troops did not drive the venerable lady from her stronghold. There was not, for many years afterward, a governor of Massachusetts; and the magistrates, who had

charge of such matters, saw no objection to Esther Dudley's residence in the Province House, especially as they must otherwise have paid a hireling for taking care of the premises, which with her was a labor of love.

And so they left her, the undisturbed mistress of the old historic edifice. Many and strange were the fables which the gossips whispered about her, in all the chimney-corners of the town. Among the time-worn articles of furniture that had been left in the mansion, there was a tall, antique mirror, which was well worthy of a tale by itself, and perhaps may hereafter be the theme of one. The gold of its heavily wrought frame was tarnished, and its surface so blurred, that the old woman's figure, whenever she paused before it, looked indistinct and ghost-like. But it was the general belief that Esther could cause the governors of the overthrown dynasty, with the beautiful ladies who had once adorned their festivals, the Indian chiefs who had come up to the Province House to hold council or to swear allegiance, the grim provincial warriors, the severe clergyman, — in short, all the pageantry of gone days — all the figures that ever swept across the broad plate of glass in former times, — she could cause the whole to reappear, and people the inner world of the mirror with shadows of old life. Such legends as

these, together with the singularity of her isolated existence, her age, and the infirmity that each added winter flung upon her, made Mistress Dudley the object both of fear and pity; and it was partly the result of either sentiment, that, amid all the angry license of the times, neither wrong nor insult ever fell upon her unprotected head.

Sir William Howe: a British general in the Revolutionary War; he left Boston with his troops in March, 1776, after defeat by Washington.

Province House: the residence of the royal governor at Boston.

nominal duties: duties existing in name only.

fabling: telling as an ancient story.

pageantry: magnificent show or display.

the very moral: the very picture.

hireling: one who works for pay or hire.

dynasty: a race or succession of rulers of the same family.

isolated: placed by itself alone; solitary.

license: freedom from restraint.

PART TWO

So Esther Dudley dwelt, year after year, in the Province House, still reverencing all that others had flung aside, still faithful to her King, who, so long as the venerable dame yet held her post, might be said to retain one true subject in New England, and one spot of the empire that had been wrested from him.

Living so continually in her own circle of ideas, and never regulating her mind by a proper reference to present things, Esther Dudley appears to have grown partially crazed. It was found that she had no right sense of the progress and true state of the Revolutionary War, but held a constant faith that the armies of Britain were victorious on every field, and destined to be ultimately triumphant. Whenever the town rejoiced for a battle won by Washington, or Gates, or Morgan, or Greene, the news in passing through the door of the Province House, became metamorphosed into a strange tale of the prowess of Howe, Clinton, or Cornwallis. Sooner or later, it was her invincible belief, the colonies would be prostrate at the footstool of the King.

Sometimes she seemed to take for granted that such was already the case. On one occasion, she startled the townspeople by a brilliant illumination of the Province House, with candles at every pane of glass, and a transparency of the King's initials and a crown of light, in the great balcony window. The figure of the aged woman, in the most gorgeous of her mildewed velvets and brocades, was seen passing from casement to casement, until she paused before the balcony, and flourished a huge key above her head. Her wrinkled visage actually gleamed with

triumph, as if the soul within her were a festal lamp.

"What means this blaze of light? What does old Esther's joy portend?" whispered a spectator. "It is frightful to see her gliding about the chambers, and rejoicing there without a soul to bear her company."

"It is as if she were making merry in a tomb," said another.

"Pshaw! It is no such mystery," observed an old man, after some brief exercise of memory. "Mistress Dudley is keeping jubilee for the King of England's birthday."

At last, after long, long years, old Esther Dudley dreamed that a royal governor was on the eve of returning to the Province House, to receive the heavy key which Sir William Howe had committed to her charge. She set the mansion in the best order that her means allowed, and arraying herself in silks and tarnished gold, stood long before the blurred mirror to admire her own magnificence.

Mistress Dudley heard the tramp of many footsteps in the street.

"O happy day! O blessed, blessed hour!" she exclaimed. "Let me but bid him welcome within the portal, and my task in the Province House, and on earth, is done!"

Then with tottering feet she hurried down the

grand staircase, her silks sweeping and rustling as she went. And she fancied that, as soon as the wide door should be flung open, all the pomp and splendor of bygone times would pace majestically into the Province House, and the gilded tapestry of the past would be brightened by the sunshine of the present. She turned the key — withdrew it from the lock — unclosed the door — and stepped across the threshold. Advancing up the court-yard appeared a person of most dignified mien, with tokens, as Esther interpreted them, of gentle blood, high rank, and long-accustomed authority, even in his walk and every gesture. He was richly dressed, but wore a gouty shoe, which, however, did not lessen the stateliness of his gait. Around and behind him were people in plain civic dresses, and two or three war-worn veterans, evidently officers of rank, arrayed in a uniform of blue and buff. But Esther Dudley, firm in the belief that had fastened its roots about her heart, beheld only the principal personage, and never doubted that this was the long-looked-for governor, to whom she was to surrender up her charge. As he approached, she sank down on her knees, and tremblingly held forth the heavy key.

"Receive my trust! take it quickly!" cried she; "for methinks Death is striving to snatch away my triumph. But he comes too late.

Thank Heaven for this blessed hour! God save King George!"

"That, madam, is a strange prayer to be offered up at such a moment," replied the unknown guest of the Province House, and courteously removing his hat, he offered his arm to raise the aged woman. "Yet, in reverence for your gray hairs and long-kept faith, Heaven forbid that any here should say you nay. Over the realms which still acknowledge his scepter, God save King George!"

Esther Dudley started to her feet, and hastily clutching back the key, gazed with fearful earnestness at the stranger; and dimly and doubtfully, as if suddenly awakened from a dream, her bewildered eyes half recognized his face. Years ago, she had known him among the gentry of the province. But the ban of the King had fallen upon him! How, then, came the doomed victim here? Proscribed, excluded from mercy, the monarch's most dreaded and hated foe, this New England merchant had stood triumphantly against a kingdom's strength; and his foot now trod upon humbled royalty, as he ascended the steps of the Province House, the people's chosen governor of Massachusetts.

"Wretch, wretch that I am!" muttered the old woman, with such a heart-broken expression that the tears gushed from the stranger's eyes. "Have

I bidden a traitor welcome? Come, Death! come quickly!"

"Alas, venerable lady!" said Governor Hancock, lending her his support with all the reverence that a courtier would have shown to a queen. "Your life has been prolonged until the world has changed around you. You have treasured up all that time has rendered worthless — the principles, feelings, manners, modes of being and acting, which another generation has flung aside — and you are a symbol of the past. And I, and these around me — we represent a new race of men — living no longer in the past, scarcely in the present — but projecting our lives forward into the future. Ceasing to model ourselves on ancestral superstitions, it is our faith and principle to press onward, onward! Yet," continued he, turning to his attendants, "let us reverence, for the last time, the stately and gorgeous prejudices of the tottering Past!"

While the republican governor spoke, he had continued to support the helpless form of Esther Dudley; her weight grew heavier against his arm; but at last, with a sudden effort to free herself, the ancient woman sank down beside one of the pillars of the portal. The key of the Province House fell from her grasp, and clanked against the stone.

"I have been faithful unto death," murmured she. "God save the King!"

"She hath done her office!" said Hancock, solemnly. "We will follow her reverently to the tomb of her ancestors; and then, my fellow-citizens, onward — onward! We are no longer children of the Past!"

metamorphosed: changed.
invincible: that cannot be conquered.
visage: the face, or countenance.
casement: window.
festal lamp: such as are used for illumination on feast-days or holidays.
jubilee: a season of rejoicing, as for a victory.
mien: manner.
gouty shoe: a shoe worn by a person suffering with gout.
John Hancock: American statesman and patriot; first governor of Massachusetts after the Declaration of Independence.
symbol: type.

I DO my duty; other things trouble me not; for they are either things without life, or things without reason, or things that have rambled and know not the way.

MARCUS AURELIUS.

FRANCES WHARTON AND MR. HARPER

By James Fenimore Cooper

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER

James Fenimore Cooper (Sept. 15, 1789–Sept. 14, 1851) was our first great novelist. Shortly after the appearance of Washington Irving's "Sketch Book" appeared "The Spy," and so, as Irving is the representative man of letters of our early literature, Cooper is its representative novelist. "The Spy" was almost his first work and remains one of his best. Cooper was a romancer: he sought those stories and scenes that arouse the imagination and stimulate the ideal nature. Such scenes and stories he took wherever he found them, but his best work was done when he found material for his imagination in the history of his own country. This is the case with the "Leatherstocking Tales," "The Pilot," and with "The Spy." Cooper himself tells us that his first novel, which was not American in character, was made a matter of reproach to him by his friends. For his second book, therefore, he "chose patriotism for his theme." In our extract Frances Wharton seeks to gain the influence of a certain Mr. Harper with General Washington in aid of her brother. Unknown to her, Mr. Harper is Washington himself, and this fact lends an especial interest to the account of the interview. The scene is laid in the Highlands of the Hudson.

THE chilling air sighed through the leafless branches of the gnarled and crooked oaks, as, with a step so light as hardly to rustle the

dry leaves on which she trod, Frances moved forward to that part of the hill where she expected to find this secluded habitation; but nothing could she discern that in the least resembled a dwelling of any sort. In vain she examined every recess of the rocks, or inquisitively explored every part of the summit that she thought could hold the tenement of the peddler. No hut, nor any vestige of a human being, could she trace. The idea of her solitude struck on the terrified mind of the affrighted girl, and, approaching to the edge of a shelving rock, she bent forward to gaze on the signs of life in the vale, when a ray of keen light dazzled her eyes, and a warm air diffused itself over her whole frame. Recovering from her surprise, Frances looked on the ledge beneath her, and at once perceived that she stood directly over the object of her search. A hole through its roof afforded a passage to the smoke, which, as it blew aside, showed her a clear and cheerful fire crackling and snapping on a rude hearth of stone. The approach to the front of the hut was by a winding path around the point of the rock on which she stood, and by this she advanced to its door.

Three sides of this singular edifice, if such it could be called, were composed of logs laid alternately on each other, to a little more than the height of a man; and the fourth was formed by

the rock against which it leaned. The roof was made of the bark of trees, laid in long strips from the rock to its eaves; the fissures between the logs had been stuffed with clay, which in many places had fallen out, and dried leaves were made use of as a substitute to keep out the wind. A single window of four panes of glass was in front, but a board carefully closed it, in such a manner as to emit no light from the fire within. After pausing some time to view this singularly constructed hiding-place, for such Frances well knew it to be, she applied her eye to a crevice to examine the inside. There was no lamp or candle, but the blazing fire of dry wood made the interior of the hut light enough to read by. In one corner lay a bed of straw, with a pair of blankets thrown carelessly over it, as if left where they had last been used. Against the walls and rock were suspended, from pegs forced into the crevices, various garments, and such as were apparently fitted for all ages and conditions, and for either sex. British and American uniforms hung peaceably by the side of each other; and on the peg that supported a gown of striped calico, such as was the usual country wear, was also depending a well-powdered wig: in short, the attire was numerous, and as various as if a whole parish were to be equipped from this one wardrobe.

In the angle against the rock, and opposite to the fire which was burning in the other corner, was an open cupboard, that held a plate or two, a mug, and the remains of some broken meat. Before the fire was a table, with one of its legs fractured, and made of rough boards; these, with a single stool, composed the furniture, if we except a few articles of cooking. A book that, by its size and shape, appeared to be a Bible, was lying on the table, unopened. But it was the occupant of the hut in whom Frances was chiefly interested. This was a man, sitting on the stool with his head leaning on his hand, in such a manner as to conceal his features, and deeply occupied in examining some open papers. On the table lay a pair of curiously and richly mounted horseman's pistols, and the handle of a sheathed rapier, of exquisite workmanship, protruded from between the legs of the gentleman, one of whose hands carelessly rested on its guard. The tall stature of this unexpected tenant of the hut, and his form, much more athletic than that of either Harvey or her brother, told Frances, without the aid of his dress, that it was neither of those she sought. A close surtout was buttoned high in the throat of the stranger, and, parting at his knees, showed breeches of buff, with military boots and spurs. His hair was dressed so as to expose the whole face; and, after

the fashion of that day, it was profusely powdered. A round hat was laid on the stones that formed a paved floor to the hut, as if to make room for a large map, which, among the other papers, occupied the table.

This was an unexpected event to our adventurer. She had been so confident that the figure twice seen was the peddler, that, on learning his agency in her brother's escape, she did not in the least doubt of finding them both in the place, which, she now discovered, was occupied by another and a stranger. She stood, earnestly looking through the crevice, hesitating whether to retire, or to wait with the expectation of yet meeting Henry, as the stranger moved his hand from before his eyes, and raised his face, apparently in deep musing, when Frances instantly recognized the benevolent and strongly-marked but composed features of Harper.

All that Dunwoodie had said of his power and disposition; all that he had himself promised her brother, and all the confidence that had been created by his dignified and paternal manner, rushed across the mind of Frances, who threw open the door of the hut, and, falling at his feet, clasped his knees with her arms, as she cried: —

"Save him — save him — save my brother; remember your promise, and save him!"

Harper had risen as the door opened, and there

was a slight movement of one hand toward his pistols; but it was cool, and instantly checked. He raised the hood of the cardinal, which had fallen over her features, and exclaimed, with some uneasiness: —

"Miss Wharton! But you cannot be alone?"

"There is none here but my God and you; and, by His sacred name, I conjure you to remember your promise, and save my brother!"

Harper gently raised her from her knees, and placed her on the stool, begging her at the same time to be composed, and to acquaint him with the nature of her errand. This Frances instantly did, ingenuously admitting him to a knowledge of all her views in visiting that lone spot at such an hour, and by herself.

It was at all times difficult to probe the thoughts of one who held his passions in such disciplined subjection as Harper, but still there was a lighting of his thoughtful eye, and a slight unbending of his muscles, as the hurried and anxious girl proceeded in her narrative. His interest, as she dwelt upon the manner of Henry's escape, and the flight to the woods, was deep and manifest, and he listened to the remainder of her tale with a marked expression of benevolent indulgence. Her apprehensions that her brother might still be too late through the mountains, seemed to have much weight with him,

for, as she concluded, he walked a turn or two across the hut, in silent musing.

Frances hesitated, and unconsciously played with the handle of one of the pistols, and the paleness that her fears had spread over her fine features began to give place to a rich tint, as, after a short pause she added: —

"We can depend much on the friendship of Major Dunwoodie, but his sense of honor is so pure, that — that notwithstanding his — his — feelings — his desire to serve us — he will conceive it to be his duty to apprehend my brother again. Besides, he thinks there will be no danger in so doing, as he relies greatly on your interference."

"On mine!" said Harper, raising his eyes in surprise.

"Yes, on yours. When we told him of your kind language, he at once assured us all that you had the power, and if you had promised, would have the inclination, to procure Henry's pardon."

"Said he more?" asked Harper, who appeared slightly uneasy.

"Nothing but reiterated assurances of Henry's safety; even now he is in quest of you."

"Miss Wharton, that I bear no mean part in the unhappy struggle between England and America, it might now be useless to deny. You owe your brother's escape, this night, to my knowledge of

his innocence, and the remembrance of my word. Major Dunwoodie is mistaken, when he says that I might openly have procured his pardon. I now, indeed, can control his fate, and I pledge to you a word which has some influence with Washington, that means shall be taken to prevent his recapture. But from you, also, I exact a promise, that this interview, and all that has passed between us, remain confined to your own bosom, until you have my permission to speak upon the subject."

Frances gave the desired assurance, and he continued: —

"The peddler and your brother will soon be here, but I must not be seen by the royal officer, or the life of Birch might be the forfeiture."

habitation: She was in search of a hut which she had seen from a distance.

peddler: Harvey Birch, the "spy," from whom the novel was named. She supposed the hut belonged to him.

wardrobe: Harvey Birch had often to appear in disguise.

her brother: Frances's brother was in the British army, although she was devoted to the American cause. He had been captured by the Americans and condemned to death, but had escaped by the aid of the peddler.

cardinal: a cloak originally of scarlet.

too late: *i.e.* to escape from the American pursuit.

Major Dunwoodie commanded the Americans who had captured Captain Wharton.

openly: Mr. Harper, who was in reality General Washington, could not openly have pardoned one who, like Captain Wharton, had been captured in disguise.

SONG OF MARION'S MEN

By William Cullen Bryant

OUR band is few, but true and tried,
Our leader frank and bold;
The British soldier trembles
When Marion's name is told.
Our fortress is the good green wood,
Our tent the cypress tree;
We know the forest round us
As seamen know the sea.
We know its walls of thorny vines,
Its glades of reedy grass,
Its safe and silent islands
Within the dark morass.

Woe to the English soldiery
That little dread us near!
On them shall light at midnight
A strange and sudden fear:
When waking to their tents on fire
They grasp their arms in vain,
And they who stand to face us
Are beat to earth again;
And they who fly in terror deem
A mighty host behind,
And hear the tramp of thousands
Upon the hollow wind.

Then sweet the hour that brings release
From danger and from toil:
We talk the battle over,
And share the battle's spoil.
The woodland rings with laugh and shout,
As if a hunt were up,
And woodland flowers are gathered
To crown the soldier's cup.
With merry songs we mock the wind
That in the pine top grieves,
And slumber long and sweetly
On beds of oaken leaves.

Well knows the fair and friendly moon
The band that Marion leads —
The glitter of their rifles,
The scampering of their steeds.
'Tis life our fiery barbs to guide
Across the moonlight plains;
'Tis life to feel the night-wind
That lifts their tossing manes.
A moment in the British camp —
A moment — and away
Back to the pathless forest
Before the peep of day.

Grave men there are by broad Santee,
Grave men with hoary hairs,

Their hearts are all with Marion,
For Marion are their prayers.
And lovely ladies greet our band
With kindliest welcoming,
With smiles like those of summer
And tears like those of spring.
For them we wear these trusty arms,
And lay them down no more
Till we have driven the Briton
Forever from our shore.

Marion: Francis Marion, an American Revolutionary general, born in South Carolina in 1732. At the head of a few daring followers he continually harassed the British troops by sudden night attacks.

little dread us near: have no fear because unaware of the nearness of the Americans.

barb: originally a horse from Barbary; a poetical term for a swift horse.

Santee: the principal river of South Carolina.

THE TRUE PATRIOT

ABOVE fear, above danger, he feels that the last end which can happen to any man never comes too soon if he falls in defense of the laws and liberties of his country.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

TO THE DANDELION

By James Russell Lowell

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

James Russell Lowell (Feb. 22, 1819–Aug. 12, 1891) was in his later years the representative man of letters of America. He was not so great a poet as Longfellow nor so great an essayist as Emerson. But as poet and essayist, and scholar and critic as well, there was nobody to compare with him. He was the fitting successor of Longfellow as Professor of Modern Languages at Harvard in 1855. When he took charge as editor of "The Atlantic Monthly" on its founding in 1857, its position was at once established as a representative magazine of American literature. When later he became Minister to Spain, and subsequently Ambassador to England, it was felt that America was adequately represented by her leading man of letters. Lowell's poetry, however, belongs chiefly to his earlier years, when his fertile imagination expressed itself in many forms of verse. In the year 1848 alone he published a collection of earlier poems, continued "The Biglow Papers" which was begun the year before, and wrote "A Fable for Critics" and "The Vision of Sir Launfal." His chief gifts in poetry were in lightly humorous but effective satire and deeply felt appreciation of nature.

DEAR common flower, that grow'st beside the way,
Fringing the dusty road with harmless gold,
First pledge of blithesome May,
Which children pluck, and, full of pride, uphold,

High-hearted buccaneers, o'erjoyed that they
An Eldorado in the grass have found,
Which not the rich earth's ample round
May match in wealth, thou art more dear to me
Than all the prouder summer-blooms may be.

Gold such as thine ne'er drew the Spanish prow
Through the primeval hush of Indian seas,
Nor wrinkled the lean brow
Of age, to rob the lover's heart of ease;
'Tis the Spring's largess, which she scatters now
To rich and poor alike, with lavish hand,
Though most hearts never understand
To take it at God's value, but pass by
The offered wealth with unrewarded eye.

Thou art my tropics, and mine Italy;
To look at thee unlocks a warmer clime;
The eyes thou givest me
Are in the heart, and heed not space or time:
Not in mid June the golden-cuirassed bee
Feels a more summer-like warm ravishment
In the white lily's breezy tent,
His fragrant Sybaris, than I, when first
From the dark green thy yellow circles burst.

Then think I of deep shadows on the grass,
Of meadows where in sun the cattle graze,

Where, as the breezes pass,
The gleaming rushes lean a thousand ways,
Of leaves that slumber in a cloudy mass,
Or whiten in the wind, of waters blue
That from the distance sparkle through
Some woodland gap, and of a sky above,
Where one white cloud like a stray lamb doth move.

My childhood's earliest thoughts are linked with thee;
The sight of thee calls back the robin's song,
Who, from the dark old tree
Beside the door, sang clearly all day long,
And I, secure in childish piety,
Listened as if I heard an angel sing
With news from heaven, which he could bring
Fresh every day to my untainted ears
When birds and flowers and I were happy peers.

How like a prodigal doth nature seem,
When thou, for all thy gold, so common art!
Thou teachest me to deem
More sacredly of every human heart,
Since each reflects in joy its scanty gleam
Of heaven, and could some wondrous secret show,
Did we but pay the love we owe,
And with a child's undoubting wisdom look
On all these living pages of God's book.

common: The dandelion is common, and yet worth much if people will take it at its true value, as one of the free gifts of Nature.

harmless: real gold, of course, sometimes does harm.

buccaneer: The poet humorously compares the children who pick the golden dandelions to the old-time pirates of the Spanish Main.

Eldorado: a legendary country in South America where everything was golden. Originally the word was applied only to the king of the country.

largess: free gift.

my tropics: The dandelion brings us the warm summer weather.

Sybaris: an ancient Greek city in southern Italy, famous for its luxury.

In contemplation of created things
By steps we may ascend to God.

JOHN MILTON: *Paradise Lost.*

Nature ever yields reward
To him who seeks, and loves her best.

BRYAN WALLER PROCTER: *Above and Below.*

And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *As You Like It.*

SPRING IN KENTUCKY [1]

By John Fox, Jr.

JOHN FOX, JR.

JOHN FOX, JR. (born Dec. 16, 1863, at Stony Point, Kentucky; died July 8, 1919) was one of the group of story writers and novelists of the end of the nineteenth century who devoted themselves to an intimate portrayal of particular parts of the South. He graduated at Harvard in 1883, studied law, did newspaper work, and engaged in business for some years, but in time found his true vocation in writing about the people and places that he knew best. He was one of the first to see in the life of the mountain people of the South something that was deeply interesting to the novelist and his audience. His best-known book is probably "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine."

SPRING in the Bluegrass! The earth — spiritual as it never is except under new-fallen snow — in the first shy green. The leaves, a floating mist of green, so buoyant that, if loosed, they must, it seemed, have floated upward — never to know the blight of frost or the droop of age. The air, rich with the smell of new earth and sprouting grass, the long, low skies newly washed, and, through

[1] *From "Crittenden: A Kentucky Story of Love and War." Reprinted by special arrangement with Charles Scribner's Sons, Publishers.*

radiant distances, clouds light as thistledown and white as snow.

And the birds! Wrens in the hedges, sparrows by the wayside and on fence-rails, starlings poised over meadows brilliant with glistening dew, larks in the pastures — all singing as they sang at the first dawn, and the mood of nature that perfect blending of earth and heaven that is given her children but rarely to know. It was good to be alive at the breaking of such a day — good to be young and strong, and eager and unafraid, when the nation called for its young men and red Mars was the morning star.

It was growing dusk outside. Chickens were going to roost with a great chattering in some locust trees in one corner of the yard. An aged darky was swinging an ax at the woodpile, and two little pickaninnies were gathering a basket of chips. Already the air was filled with the twilight sounds of the farm — the lowing of cattle, the bleating of calves at the cowpens, the bleat of sheep from the woods, and the nicker of horses in the barn.

The locust trees were quiet now, and the barn was still except for the occasional stamp of a horse in his stall or the squeak of a pig that was pushed out of his warm place by a stronger brother. The night noises were strong and clear — the cricket in the grass, the croaking frogs from the pool, the whir of a night-hawk's wings along the edge of the yard,

the persistent wail of a whip-poor-will sitting lengthwise of a willow limb over the meadow branch, the occasional sleepy caw of crows from their roost in the woods beyond, the bark of a house-dog at a neighbor's home across the fields, and, farther still, the fine high yell of a fox-hunter and the faint answering yelp of a hound.

IN AUGUST

By William Dean Howells

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

William Dean Howells (born at Martins Ferry, Ohio, March 1, 1837) was preëminently a novelist. He was, however, a master of many forms of literature, and his poems, his essays, his memoirs, his comedies, are always noteworthy. He began life as a printer and a journalist, but always had his mind upon literature. He published a volume of verse with a friend in 1860 and became known by poems sent to "The Atlantic Monthly." He passed four years in Venice as consul for this country and then returned to America and began more definitely the literary career which closed only with his death in 1920. In his earlier days he was somewhat romantic, at least in his poetry. Afterwards he became the chief American realistic novelist. It is not, however, as a novelist merely that Mr. Howells is to be thought of. He was held, after the death of Lowell, to be the most distinguished representative of American letters, representative not only in the breadth of his range, but in the character of his thought.

ALL the long August afternoon,
The little drowsy stream
Whispers a melancholy tune,
As if it dreamed of June
And whispered in its dream.

The thistles show beyond the brook
Dust on their down and bloom,
And out of many a weed-grown nook
The aster-flowers look
With eyes of tender gloom.

The silent orchard aisles are sweet
With smell of ripening fruit.
Through the sere grass, in shy retreat,
Flutter at coming feet,
The robins strange and mute.

There is no wind to stir the leaves,
The harsh leaves overhead;
Only the querulous cricket grieves,
And shrilling locust weaves
A song of summer dead.

aisles: The word originally meant the walks in a church, but it is often used figuratively.

querulous: complaining.

shrilling: uttering an acute, prolonged sound.

AUTUMN COLORS

By Henry Ward Beecher

HENRY WARD BEECHER

HENRY WARD BEECHER (June 24, 1813–March 8, 1887) was one of the most eminent preachers of his time. He was also, however, a reformer, an editor, a philanthropist, a man of active public spirit; in fact, ready to make his great powers tell wherever there was opportunity for good. Perhaps his greatest single public service was his series of speeches in England, during the Civil War, in which he put his cause in the true light before the people of that country. In the selection from his writings given here he reveals himself as also a lover and keen observer of nature.

THIS is one of the mysterious and bewitching days. Something has been poured out into the air from the land of magic.

The blue is tender and pale. The skies are full of clouds: this one opening, shutting, melting, reforming, and so through all the changes; this one making haste, as if called to some distant battle, and fiercely driving on in heat to the rendezvous: or if milder thoughts prevail, then they seem like mighty flocks of fleecy birds, gathered from the summer hatching-haunts of the north, and borne southward by the annual impulse of migration.

But such is the depth, the beauty, and the mystic influence of the heavens, that to look up for long into its cope affects you with giddiness, such as men feel who look down from great heights. And then, too, the color of all things is changing, — not changed, but only hinting color. We must except the maple trees. Some of them are changed to a straw color. Yonder is one very green except one branch, which stretches up from the bottom nearly to the top, and that is of vivid scarlet. It looks like a tree with a great bouquet of flowers in its bosom.

But along the fences are crimson leaves; the autumn yellows predominate. The corn is cut, and stands out on the hills around here in shocks to dry. The emerald grass was never more tender in its green.

The orchard is waiting to be relieved of its burden. All summer long it has eased itself by throwing down a part of its fruits, worm-picked or storm-gathered; and now those apples that remain, full-grown, plump, ripe, look wistfully at you, as if asking your care for the winter.

And the birds, — how they do behave! What is the matter with them? No one of them frolics. They have lost all their gamesome ways. They collect in mown fields for seeds, they hover about orchards, exchanging remarks among themselves in low tones, like well-bred people, but none of them boisterous, frisky, or songful.

rendezvous: a prearranged place of meeting.
migration: removal from one region to another.
cope: anything that arches overhead.
predominate: be chief in importance, quantity, or degree.

THE MORENO SHEEP SHEARING

By Helen Hunt Jackson

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HELEN HUNT JACKSON

About 1865 there appeared in a New York weekly newspaper a number of poems signed simply "H. H." These, as was afterward learned, were written by Helen Fiske Hunt (Oct. 18, 1831–Aug. 12, 1885), the daughter of Professor Fiske of Amherst College. Mrs. Hunt had passed through great sorrow in the loss of husband and children, and now at thirty-four years of age began her life as a writer. Some years later she married William S. Jackson, and made her home in Colorado, where she spent much of her time in a little log cabin on a peak looking down into Cheyenne Cañon. Her Colorado life and her travels brought to her notice the wrongs done the Indians by our government. She took up their cause, and after careful investigation wrote "A Century of Dishonor," in which she showed how the red men had been plundered of their lands. The government made her a commissioner to examine into the condition of the Mission Indians of California; she did the work thoroughly, and made an able report. She then wrote her last book, "Ramona," which she hoped would greatly

serve the Indians' cause. As a writer, Mrs. Jackson is noted for the grace and beauty of her language; her poems show a keen love of nature, and her stories are strong and full of thought.

AT the sheep-shearing sheds and pens all was stir and bustle. The shearing shed was a huge caricature of a summer-house, — a long, narrow structure, sixty feet long by twenty or thirty wide, all roof and pillars; no walls; the supports, slender, rough posts, as far apart as was safe, for upholding the roof which was of rough planks loosely laid from beam to beam. On the three sides of this were the sheep pens filled with sheep and lambs.

A few rods away stood the booths in which the shearers' food was to be cooked and the shearers fed. These were mere temporary affairs, roofed only by willow boughs with the leaves left on. Near these, the Indians had already arranged their camp; a hut or two of green boughs had been built, but for the most part they would sleep rolled up in their blankets, on the ground. There was a brisk wind, and the gay-colored wings of the windmill blew furiously round and round, pumping out into the tank below a stream of water so swift and strong, that as the men crowded around wetting and sharpening their knives, they got well spattered, and had much merriment, pushing and elbowing each other into the spray.

A high four-posted frame stood close to the shed; in this, swung from the four corners, hung one of the great sacking bags in which the fleeces were to be packed. A big pile of these bags lay on the ground at the foot of the posts. Juan Can eyed them with a chuckle. "We'll fill more than those before night, Señor Felipe," he said. He was in his element, Juan Can, at shearing times. Then came his reward for the somewhat monotonous and stupid year's work. The world held no better feast for his eyes than the sight of a long row of big bales of fleece, tied, stamped with the Moreno brand, ready to be drawn away to the mills. "Now, there is something substantial," he thought; "no chance of wool going amiss in the market."

If a year's crop were good, Juan's happiness was assured for the next six months. If it proved poor, he turned devout immediately, and spent the next six months calling on the saints for better luck, and redoubling his exertions with the sheep.

On one of the posts of the shed short projecting slats were nailed, like half rounds of a ladder. Lightly as a rope walker Felipe ran up these, to the roof, and took his stand there, ready to take the fleeces and pack them in a bag as fast as they should be tossed up from below. Luigo, with a big leathern wallet fastened in front of him filled with

five-cent pieces, took his stand in the center of the shed. The thirty shearers, running into the nearest pen, dragged each his sheep into the shed, in the twinkling of an eye had the creature between his knees, helpless and immovable, and the sharp sound of the shears set in. The sheep shearing had begun. No rest now. Not a second's silence from the bleating, baa-ing, opening and shutting, clicking, sharpening of shears, flying of fleeces through the air to the roof, pressing and stamping them down into the bales; not a second's intermission, except the hour of rest at noon, from sunrise till sunset, till the whole eight thousand of Señora Moreno's sheep were shorn. It was a dramatic spectacle. As soon as a sheep was shorn, the shearer ran with the fleece in his hand to Luigo, threw it down on a table, received his five-cent piece, dropped it into his pocket, ran to the pen, dragged out another sheep, and in less than five minutes was back again with a second fleece. The shorn sheep released, bounded off into another pen, where, light in the head, no doubt from being three to five pounds lighter in the legs, they trotted around bewildered for a moment, then flung up their heels and capered for joy.

Juan: the Spanish for John.
Felipe: Spanish form of Philip.
Luigo: Louis or Lewis.

THE WIND IN A FROLIC

By William Howitt

WILLIAM HOWITT

William Howitt (1792–March 3, 1879) was an English writer, who, in the course of a long life, wrote many volumes of both prose and poetry. He was a Quaker and passed much of his early life in the country, where he spent his leisure roaming through the woods and by the brook. He married a Quaker lady, Mary Botham, who as a poet and prose writer claims equal rank with her husband. The two wrote several historical works together, and also a book of poems entitled "The Forest Minstrel." Of all that Howitt has written, that which is most frequently read is his poetry on subjects taken from nature. He knew the gardens and fields, the woods and meadows during every month of the year, and his poems have a brightness all his own.

THE wind one morning sprang up from sleep,
Saying, "Now for a frolic! now for a leap!
Now for a madcap galloping chase!
I'll make a commotion in every place."
So it swept with a bustle right through the great town,
Creaking the signs, and scattering down
Shutters, and whisking, with merciless squalls
Old women's bonnets and gingerbread stalls.

There never was heard a much lustier shout
As the apples and oranges trundled about,
And the urchins, which stand with their thievish eyes
Forever on watch, ran off each with a prize.
Then away to the fields it went, blustering and humming,
And the cattle all wondered whatever was coming;
And tossed the colts' manes all over their brows
And pulled by their tails the matronly cows,
Till, offended at such a familiar salute,
They all turned their backs and stood suddenly mute.
So on it went capering and playing its pranks,
Whistling with reeds on the broad river's banks,
Puffing the birds as they sat on the spray,
Or the traveler grave on the king's highway;
It was not too nice to hustle the bags
Of the beggar and flutter his dirty rags;
'Twas so bold that it feared not to play its joke
With the doctor's wig or the gentleman's cloak.
Through the forest it roared and cried gayly, "Now,
You sturdy old oaks, I'll make you bow!"
And it made them bow without more ado,
And cracked their great branches through and through.
Then it rushed like a monster on cottage and farm,
Striking their dwellers with sudden alarm;

And they ran out like bees in a midsummer swarm.
There were dames with their kerchiefs tied over
their caps,
To see if their poultry were free from mishaps;
The turkeys they gobbled, the geese screamed aloud,
And the hens crept to rest in a terrified crowd;
There was raising of ladders and logs laying on,
When the thatch of the roof threatened soon to be
gone,
But the wind had passed on and had met in a lane
With a schoolboy who panted and struggled in
vain,
For it tossed him and twirled him, then passed and
he stood
With his hat in a pool, and his shoe in the mud.
There was a poor man, hoary and old,
Cutting the heath in the open wold;
The strokes of his bill were faint and few
Ere this frolicsome wind upon him blew,
But behind him, before him, about him it came,
And the breath seemed gone from his feeble frame;
So he sat him down, with a muttering tone,
Saying, "Plague on the wind! was the like ever
known?
But nowadays every wind that blows
Tells me how weak an old man grows."
But away went the wind in its holiday glee,
And now it was far on the billowy sea,

And the lordly ship felt its staggering blow,
And the little boats darted to and fro;
But lo! it was night, and it sank to rest
On the sea-birds' rock, in the gleaming west,
Laughing to think in its fearful fun
How little of mischief it had done.

heath: a plant growing in Great Britain upon waste land; it is used to thatch houses and to make brooms.

wold: an open tract of country.

bill: a form of small hatchet used for cutting hedges and pruning trees.

TO THE FRINGED GENTIAN

By William Cullen Bryant

THOU blossom bright with autumn dew,
And colored with the heaven's own blue,
That openest when the quiet light
Succeeds the keen and frosty night.

Thou comest not when violets lean
O'er wandering brooks and springs unseen,
Or columbines, in purple dressed,
Nod o'er the ground-bird's hidden nest.

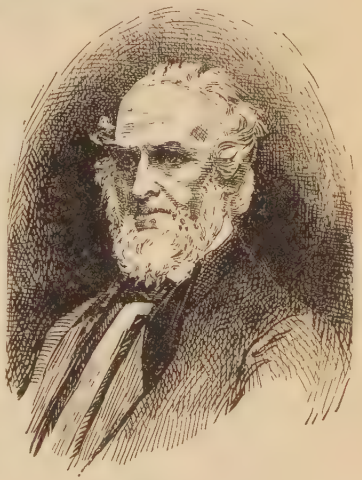
Thou waitest late and com'st alone,
When woods are bare and birds are flown,
And frosts and shortening days portend
The aged year is near his end.

Then doth thy sweet and quiet eye
Look through its fringes to the sky,
Blue — blue — as if that sky let fall
A flower from its cerulean wall.

I would that thus, when I shall see
The hour of death draw near to me,
Hope, blossoming within my heart,
May look to heaven as I depart.

THE HUSKERS

By John Greenleaf Whittier



JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

John Greenleaf Whittier (Dec. 17, 1807 – Sept. 7, 1892) was a kind, gentle man who wrote simple and beautiful poems which people delight to read. He came of a Quaker farmer family, and his parents could not afford to give him a finished education, but this very fact led him to write as no other poet could upon New England farm life. He wrote on other subjects also; he was interested in the cause of the oppressed everywhere, and used his pen in behalf of the poor and friendless. As a prose writer he published "Legends of New England" and studies and sketches of scenery of the Merrimac Valley. One thing particularly impresses us in reading Whittier's poems, and that is that he wrote directly from the heart, and put his gentle nature into every verse.

IT was late in mild October, and the long autumnal rain
Had left the summer harvest-fields all green with grass again:
The first sharp frosts had fallen, leaving all the woodlands gay
With the hues of summer's rainbow, or the meadow flowers of May.

Through a thin dry mist that morning, the sun rose broad and red,
At first a rayless disk of fire, he brightened as he sped;
Yet even his noontide glory fell chastened and subdued,
On the cornfields and the orchards and the softly pictured wood.

And all that quiet afternoon, slow sloping to the night,
He wove with golden shuttle the haze with yellow light;
Slanting through the painted beeches, he glorified the hill;
And beneath it, pond and meadow lay brighter, greener still.

And shouting boys in woodland haunts caught
glimpses of that sky,
Flecked by many-tinted leaves, and laughed, they
knew not why;
And school girls, gay with aster flowers, beside the
meadow brooks,
Mingled the glow of autumn with the sunshine of
sweet looks.

From spire and barn, looked westerly the patient
weathercocks;
But even the birches on the hill stood motionless
as rocks.
No sound was in the woodlands, save the squirrel's
dropping shell,
And the yellow leaves among the boughs, low rus-
tling as they fell.

The summer grains were harvested; the stubble-
fields lay dry,
Where June winds rolled, in light and shade, the
pale green waves of rye;
But still, on gentle hill-slopes, in valleys fringed
with wood,
Ungathered, bleaching in the sun, the heavy corn
crop stood.

Bent low, by autumn's wind and rain, through husks that, dry and sere,
Unfolded from their ripened charge, shone out the yellow ear;
Beneath, the turnip lay concealed, in many a verdant fold,
And glistened in the slanting light the pumpkin's sphere of gold.

There wrought the busy harvesters; and many a creaking wain
Bore slowly to the long barn floor its load of husk and grain;
Till broad and red, as when he rose, the sun sank down at last,
And like a merry guest's farewell, the day in brightness passed.

And lo! as through the western pines, on meadow, stream, and pond,
Flamed the red radiance of a sky, set all afire beyond,
Slowly o'er the eastern sea-bluffs a milder glory shone,
And the sunset and the moonrise were mingled into one!

As thus into the quiet night the twilight lapsed
away,
And deeper in the brightening moon the tranquil
shadows lay,
From many a brown old farm-house, and hamlet
without name,
Their milking and their home-tasks done, the merry
huskers came.

Swung o'er the heaped-up harvest, from pitchforks
in the mow,
Shone dimly down the lanterns on the pleasant
scene below;
The growing pile of husks behind, the golden ears
before,
And laughing eyes and busy hands and brown
cheeks glimmering o'er.

Half hidden in a quiet nook, serene of look and
heart,
Talking their old times over, the old men sat
apart;
While up and down the unhusked pile, or nestling
in its shade,
At hide-and-seek, with laugh and shout, the happy
children played.

Urged by the good host's daughter, a maiden young and fair,
Lifting to light her sweet blue eyes and pride of soft brown hair,
The master of the village school, sleek of hair and smooth of tongue,
To the quaint tune of some old psalm, a husking ballad sung.

painted beeches: The leaves had taken on their autumn color.

wain: a farm wagon.

the merry huskers came: It used to be the custom in New England to get all the young people of the neighborhood together to husk the corn; after the work was done they danced or played games in the barn; this was called "a husking bee."

THEN followed that beautiful season,
Called by the pious Acadian peasants the Summer of All-Saints!
Filled was the air with dreamy and magical light; and the landscape
Lay as if new created in all the freshness of childhood.
Peace seemed to reign upon earth, and the restless heart of the ocean
Was for a moment consoled. All sounds were in harmony blended.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW: *Evangeline.*

HOW WE KEPT THANKSGIVING AT OLDTOWN

By Harriet Beecher Stowe

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE was a member of the Beecher family which has included so many noted men and women. She was born in Litchfield, Conn., June 14, 1811, and before her marriage to Professor Calvin E. Stowe was a teacher in a girls' school in Cincinnati which had been established by an elder sister. Her career as an author began with her famous story "Uncle Tom's Cabin." This was written as a magazine tale and was published in "The National Era." Mrs. Stowe subsequently added to her work until it became a good-sized volume. The publication brought her great reputation. Though the best known and perhaps the most popular of her works, "Uncle Tom" does not rank the highest from a literary point of view; her later stories are more finished and are full of delightful interest. Mrs. Stowe was well acquainted with New England people, and in "Oldtown Folks" she gives a quaint and charming picture of village life and the good old way of keeping the one holiday these old-fashioned people recognized and enjoyed. Besides more than thirty books, Mrs. Stowe wrote magazine articles and stories, and was busy with her pen until her death, which occurred July 1, 1896.

PART ONE

WHEN the apples were all gathered and the cider was all made, and the yellow pumpkins were rolled in from many a hill in billows of gold, and the corn was husked, and the labors of the season were done, and the warm, late days of Indian summer came in, dreamy and calm and still, with just frost enough to crisp the ground of a morning, but with warm trances of benignant, sunny hours at noon, there came over the community a sort of genial repose of spirit, — a sense of something accomplished, and of a new golden mark made in advance on the calendar of life, — and the deacon began to say to the minister, of a Sunday, "I suppose it's about time for the Thanksgiving proclamation."

Rural dressmakers about this time were extremely busy in making up festival garments, for everybody's new dress, if she was to have one at all, must appear on Thanksgiving day.

Aunt Keziah and Aunt Lois and my mother talked over their bonnets, and turned them round and round on their hands, and discoursed sagely of ribbons and linings, and of all the kindred bonnets that there were in the parish, and how they would probably appear after Thanksgiving. My grandmother, whose mind had long ceased to wander on

such worldly vanities, was at this time officiously reminded by her daughters that her bonnet wasn't respectable, or it was announced to her that she *must* have a new gown. Such were the distant horizon gleams of the Thanksgiving festival.

We also felt its approach in all departments of the household, — the conversation at this time beginning to turn on high and solemn culinary mysteries and receipts of wondrous power and virtue. New modes of elaborating squash pies and quince tarts were now ofttimes carefully discussed at the evening fireside by Aunt Lois and Aunt Keziah, and notes seriously compared with the experiences of certain other aunties of high repute in such matters. I noticed that on these occasions their voices often fell into mysterious whispers, and that receipts of especial power and sanctity were communicated in tones so low as entirely to escape the vulgar ear. I still remember the solemn shake of the head with which my Aunt Lois conveyed to Miss Mehitable Rossiter the critical properties of *mace*, in relation to its powers of producing in corn fritters a suggestive resemblance to oysters. As ours was an oyster-getting district, and as that charming bivalve was perfectly easy to come at, the interest in such an imitation can be accounted for only by the fondness of the human mind for works of art.

For as much as a week beforehand, "we children" were employed in chopping mince for pies to a most wearisome fineness, and in pounding cinnamon, allspice, and cloves in a great lignum vitæ mortar; and the sound of this pounding and chopping reëchoed through all the rafters.

In those days there were none of the thousand ameliorations of the labors of housekeeping which have since arisen,— in ground and prepared spices and sweet herbs; everything came into our hands in the rough, and in bulk, and the reducing of it into a state for use was deemed one of the appropriate labors of childhood. Even the very salt that we used in cooking was rock-salt, which we were required to wash and dry and pound and sift, before it became fit for use.

And now came on the week in earnest. In the very watches of the night preceding Monday morning, a preternatural stir below stairs, and the thunder of the pounding barrel, announced that the washing was to be got out of the way before daylight, so as to give "ample scope and room enough" for the more pleasing duties of the season.

The making of *pies* at this period assumed vast proportions that verged upon the sublime. Pies were made by forties and fifties and hundreds, and

made of everything on the earth and under the earth.

The pie is an English institution which, planted on American soil, forthwith ran rampant and burst into an untold variety of genera and species. Not merely the old traditional mince pie, but a thousand strictly American seedlings from that main stock, evinced the power of American housewives to adapt old institutions to new uses. Pumpkin pies, cranberry pies, huckleberry pies, cherry pies, green-currant pies, peach, pear, and plum pies, custard pies, apple pies, Marlborough-pudding pies, — pies with top crusts, and pies without, — pies adorned with all sorts of fanciful flutings and architectural stripes laid across and around and otherwise varied, attested the boundless fertility of the feminine mind, when once let loose in a given direction.

Fancy the heat and vigor of the great pan-formation, when Aunt Lois and Aunt Keziah, and my mother, and grandmother, all in ecstasies of creative inspiration, ran, bustled, and hurried, — mixing, rolling, tasting, consulting, — alternately setting us children to work when anything could be made of us, and then chasing us all out of the kitchen when our misinformed childhood ventured to take too many liberties with sacred mysteries. Then out we would all fly at the kitchen door like sparks from a blacksmith's window.

In the corner of the great kitchen, during all these days, the jolly old oven roared and crackled in great volcanic billows of flame, snapping and gurgling as if the old fellow entered with joyful sympathy into the frolic of the hour; and then, his great heart being once warmed up, he brooded over successive generations of pies and cakes, which went in raw and came out cooked, till butteries and dressers and shelves and pantries were literally crowded with a jostling abundance.

A great cold northern chamber, where the sun never shone, and where in winter the snow sifted in at the window-cracks, and ice and frost reigned with undisputed sway, was fitted up to be the storehouse of these surplus treasures. There, frozen solid, and thus well-preserved in their icy fetters, they formed a great repository for all the winter months; and the pies baked at Thanksgiving often came out fresh and good with the violets of April.

culinary: pertaining to cooking.

receipts: written rules for compounding certain articles, as for making cake or pie.

vulgar ear: the ear of some common person who cannot appreciate such a matter.

lignum vitæ: an especially hard kind of wood.

mortar: a strong vessel in which substances are pounded with a pestle.

preternatural: unusual.

genera: plural of *genus*, a race, a family.

species: a group of objects or individuals sufficiently alike to have come from the same source.

butteries: rooms for keeping eatables.

dresser: a cupboard.

PART TWO

Well, at last when all the chopping and pounding and baking and brewing, preparatory to the festival, were gone through with, the eventful day dawned. All the tribes of the Badger family were to come back home to the old house, with all the relations of every degree, to eat the Thanksgiving dinner. And it was understood that in the evening the minister and his lady would look in upon us, together with some of the select aristocracy of Oldtown.

Great as the preparations were for the dinner, everything was so contrived that not a soul in the house should be kept from the morning service of Thanksgiving in the church, and from listening to the Thanksgiving sermon, in which the minister was expected to express his views freely concerning the politics of the country, and the state of things in society generally, in a somewhat more secular vein of thought than was deemed exactly appropriate to the Lord's day. But it is to be confessed that, when the good man got carried away by the enthusiasm of the subject to extend these

exercises beyond a certain length, anxious glances, exchanged between goodwives, sometimes indicated a weakness of the flesh, having a tender reference to the turkeys and chickens and chicken pies, which might possibly be overdoing in the ovens at home. But your old brick oven was a true Puritan institution, and backed up the devotional habits of good housewives, by the capital care which he took of whatever was committed to his capacious bosom. A truly well-bred oven would have been ashamed of himself all his days, and blushed redder than his own fires, if a God-fearing house-matron, away at the temple of the Lord, should come home and find her pie-crust either burned or underdone by his over or under zeal; so the old fellow generally managed to bring things out exactly right.

When sermons and prayers were all over, we children rushed home to see the great feast of the year spread.

What chitterings and chatterings there were all over the house, as all the aunties and uncles and cousins came pouring in, taking off their things, looking at one another's bonnets and dresses and mingling their comments on the morning sermon with various opinions on the new millinery outfits, and with bits of home news, and kindly neighborhood gossip.

Uncle Bill, whom the Cambridge college authori-

ties released as they did all the other youngsters of the land, for Thanksgiving Day, made a breezy air among them all, especially with young cousins of the feminine gender.

The best room on this occasion was thrown wide open, and its habitual coldness had been warmed by the burning down of a great stack of hickory logs, which had been heaped up unsparingly since morning. It takes some hours to get a room warm where a family never sits, and which, therefore, has not in its walls one particle of the genial vitality which comes from the indwelling of human beings. But on Thanksgiving Day, at least, every year, this marvel was effected in our best room.

Although all servile labor and vain recreation on this day were by law forbidden, according to the terms of the proclamation, it was not held to be a violation of the precept, that all the nice old aunties should bring their knitting-work and sit gently trotting their needles around the fire; nor that Uncle Bill should start a full-fledged romp among the girls and children, while the dinner was being set on the long table in the neighboring kitchen. Certain of the good elderly female relatives, of serious and discreet demeanor, assisted at this operation.

But who shall do justice to the dinner, and

describe the turkey, and chickens, and chicken pies, with all that endless variety of vegetables which the American soil and climate have contributed to the table, and which, without regard to the French doctrine of courses, were all piled together in jovial abundance upon the smoking board? There was much carving and laughing and talking and eating, and all showed that cheerful ability to dispatch the provisions which was the ruling spirit of the hour. After the meat came the plum puddings, and then the endless array of pies, till human nature was actually bewildered and overpowered by the tempting variety; and even we children turned from the profusion offered to us, and wondered what was the matter that we could eat no more.

When all was over, my grandfather rose at the head of the table, and a fine venerable picture he made as he stood there, his silver hair flowing in curls down each side of his clear calm face, while in conformity to the old Puritan custom, he called their attention to a recital of the mercies of God in his dealings with their family.

It was a sort of family history, going over and touching upon the various events which had happened. He spoke of my father's death, and gave a tribute to his memory; and closed all with the application of a time-honored text, expressing the

hope that as the years passed by we might "so number our days as to apply our hearts unto wisdom"; and then he gave out that psalm which in those days might be called the national hymn of the Puritans,

> "Let children hear the mighty deeds,
> Which God performed of old."

This we all united in singing to the venerable tune of St. Martin's, an air which, the reader will perceive, by the multiplicity of quavers and inflections, gave the greatest possible scope to the cracked and trembling voices of the ancients, who united in it with even more zeal than the younger part of the community.

secular: worldly.

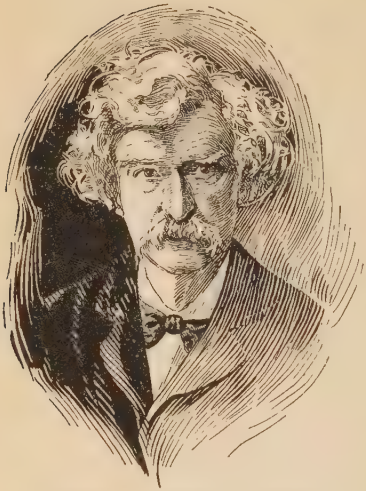
Puritan institution: *i.e.* it sympathized with the devotion to church.

THE great eventful Present hides the Past; but through the din
Of its loud life, hints and echoes from the life behind steal in;
And the love of home and fireside, and the legendary rhyme,
Make the task of duty lighter which the true man owes his time.

JOHN G. WHITTIER: *The Garrison of Cape Ann.*

NEW ENGLAND WEATHER

By Samuel Langhorne Clemens



SAMUEL LANGHORNE CLEMENS

Samuel Langhorne Clemens was born at Florida, Missouri, on Nov. 30, 1835. When he was only twelve years old his father died, and from that time on he had to do for himself. He had little schooling. He learned typesetting, became a journeyman printer, and traveled eastward over a number of states. During his early manhood he did various things, among the most interesting being piloting on the Mississippi. In 1861 he went to Nevada, and while in the silver-mining country began to write for the newspapers, signing himself "Mark Twain." This pen name was a recollection of his days as a Mississippi pilot; it was one of the sounding calls on the river. Later, while reporting for a San Francisco paper, he was sent to join a tourist party on a trip around the Mediterranean. His reports of the voyage, written in a highly humorous style, formed the basis of his famous book, "The Innocents Abroad." He was a brilliant conversationalist and story-teller, and had the gift of really expressing himself in his writing, whether humorously or seriously; what he wrote showed his personality and character. He held for many years an enviable place in the realm of letters and was honored not only in his own country but in England as well, where he was given by Oxford the degree of Doctor of Literature. He is best known as a humorist, but he was more than that. He was at heart serious, and a man of high ideals. His writings are basally truthful and, mingled with their rich humor, there is in them much of pathos. He hated all sham and pretense and held all

pettiness up to scorn. His writings are characterized by an unaffected style; he was, above all, natural — himself. Of all his works "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn" seem most likely to last. These stories of boy life you will delight in reading if you have not already had that pleasure. Some of his later works like "The Prince and the Pauper" and "Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc" are written in more serious vein. Mr. Clemens lived during his later years in the Eastern states. We give as our selection from his works his impressions of New England weather. He died at Redding, Conn., April 21, 1910.

THERE is a sumptuous variety about the New England weather that compels the stranger's admiration — and regret. The weather is always doing something there; always attending strictly to business; always getting up new designs and trying them on the people to see how they will go. But it gets through more business in spring than in any other season. In the spring I have counted one hundred and thirty-six different kinds of weather within four and twenty hours.

Old Probabilities has a mighty reputation for accurate prophecy and thoroughly deserves it. You take up the paper and observe how crisply and confidently he checks off what to-day's weather is going to be on the Pacific, down South, in the Middle States, in the Wisconsin region. See him sail along in the joy and pride of his power till he gets to New England, and then see his tail drop. *He* doesn't know what the weather is going to be in New England. Well, he mulls over it, and by and by he gets

out something like this: "Probable northeast to southwest winds, varying to the southward and westward and eastward and points between; high and low barometer, swapping around from place to place; probable areas of rain, snow, hail, and drought, succeeded or preceded by earthquakes with thunder and lightning." Then he jots down this postscript from his wandering mind to cover accidents: "But it is possible that the program may be wholly changed in the meantime."

Yes, one of the brightest gems in the New England weather is the dazzling uncertainty of it. There is certain to be plenty of weather, — a perfect grand review, — but you never can tell which end of the procession is going to move first. You fix up for a drought; you leave your umbrella in the house and sally out with your sprinkling pot, and two to one you are drowned. You make up your mind that an earthquake is due; you stand from under and take hold of something to steady yourself, and the first thing you know you are struck by lightning.

But, after all, there are at least two or three things about that weather (or, if you please, the effects produced by it) which we residents would not like to part with. If we hadn't our bewitching autumn foliage, we should still have to credit the weather with one feature which compensates for all its bullying vagaries — the ice storm. Every bough

and twig is strung with ice beads, frozen dewdrops, and the whole tree sparkles cold and white like the Shah of Persia's diamond plume. Then the wind waves the branches and the sun comes out and turns all those myriads of beads and drops to prisms that glow and burn with all manner of colored fires; which change and change again, with inconceivable rapidity, from blue to red, from red to green, and green to gold. The tree becomes a spraying fountain, a very explosion of dazzling jewels, and it stands there the acme, the climax, the supremest possibility in art or nature, of bewildering, intoxicating, intolerable magnificence. One cannot make the words too strong. Month after month I lay up hate and grudge against the New England weather; but when the ice storm comes at last I say: "There, I forgive you now; the books are square between us; you don't owe me a cent; your little faults and foibles count for nothing; you are the most enchanting weather in the world."

Old Probabilities: The daily Weather Reports used to be published under the heading "Probabilities"; so "Old Probabilities" was a mythical personage who foretold the weather.

WEATHER PROVERBS

It's an ill wind that blows no man good.

One swallow does not make a summer.

THE CRATCHITS' CHRISTMAS DINNER

By Charles Dickens

CHARLES DICKENS

Charles Dickens, one of the great English novelists of the last century, was born near Portsmouth, England, Feb. 7, 1812. He had a sad childhood, growing up in a large family with a father much better at talking to his household flock than at providing the means to bring them up. He himself pasted labels on blacking bottles when a mere child, adding his small pay to the family support; then he was a lawyer's clerk, afterward a newspaper reporter. In his newspaper work he received an offer for a series of humorous sketches which grew into the famous "Pickwick Papers" and earned a large sum of money for the publishers. From that time his reputation as a writer was made, and he could ask his own terms for the dozen or more novels he wrote in the next thirty years. He was esteemed by all the literary men of London, and made a large circle of friends who sincerely mourned him when he died at his home, Gadshill, June 9, 1870. Our selection is from "A Christmas Carol."

THEN up rose Mrs. Cratchit, Cratchit's wife, dressed out but poorly in a twice-turned gown, but brave in ribbons, which are cheap, and make a goodly show for sixpence; and she laid the cloth, assisted by Belinda Cratchit, second of her daughters, also brave in ribbons; while Master Peter Cratchit plunged a fork into the saucepan of potatoes, and

getting the corners of his monstrous shirt collar (Bob's private property, conferred upon his son and heir in honor of the day) into his mouth, rejoiced to find himself so gallantly attired, and yearned to show his linen in the fashionable parks.

And now two smaller Cratchits, boy and girl, came tearing in, screaming that outside the baker's they had smelled the goose, and known it for their own; and, basking in luxurious thoughts of sage and onion, these young Cratchits danced about the table, and exalted Master Peter Cratchit to the skies, while he (not proud, although his collar nearly choked him) blew the fire, until the slow potatoes, bubbling up, knocked loudly at the saucepan-lid to be let out and peeled.

"What has ever got your precious father, then?" said Mrs. Cratchit. "And your brother, Tiny Tim? And Martha warn't as late last Christmas Day by half an hour."

"Here's Martha, Mother!" said a girl, appearing as she spoke.

"Here's Martha, Mother!" cried the two young Cratchits. "Hurrah! There's *such* a goose, Martha!"

"Why, bless your heart alive, my dear, how late you are!" said Mrs. Cratchit, kissing her a dozen times, and taking off her shawl and bonnet for her with officious zeal.

"We'd a deal of work to finish up last night," replied the girl, "and had to clear away this morning, Mother!"

"Well! Never mind so long as you are come," said Mrs. Cratchit. "Sit ye down before the fire, my dear, and have a warm, Lord bless ye!"

"No, no! There's father coming," cried the two young Cratchits, who were everywhere at once. "Hide, Martha, hide!"

So Martha hid herself, and in came little Bob, the father, with at least three feet of comforter, exclusive of the fringe, hanging down before him; and his threadbare clothes darned up and brushed to look seasonable; and Tiny Tim upon his shoulder. Alas for Tiny Tim, he bore a little crutch, and had his limbs supported by an iron frame!

"Why, where's our Martha?" cried Bob Cratchit.

"Not coming," said Mrs. Cratchit.

"Not coming!" said Bob with a sudden declension in his high spirits; for he had been Tim's blood horse all the way from church, and had come home rampant. "Not coming on Christmas Day!"

Martha didn't like to see him disappointed, if it were only a joke; so she came out prematurely from behind the closet door, and ran into his arms, while the two young Cratchits hustled Tiny Tim, and bore him off into the wash-house, that he might hear the pudding singing in the copper.

"And how did little Tim behave?" asked Mrs. Cratchit, when she had rallied Bob on his credulity, and Bob had hugged his daughter to his heart's content.

"As good as gold," said Bob, "and better. Somehow he gets thoughtful, sitting by himself so much, and thinks the strangest things you ever heard. He told me, coming home, that he hoped the people saw him in church, because he was a cripple, and it might be pleasant to them to remember on Christmas Day who made lame beggars walk and blind men see."

Bob's voice was tremulous when he told them this, and trembled more when he said that Tiny Tim was growing strong and hearty.

His active little crutch was heard upon the floor, and back came Tiny Tim before another word was spoken, escorted by his brother and sister to his stool before the fire; and while Bob, turning up his cuffs — as if, poor fellow, they were capable of being made more shabby — compounded some hot mixture in a jug and stirred it round and round and put it on the hob to simmer; Master Peter and the two ubiquitous young Cratchits went to fetch the goose, with which they soon returned in high procession.

Such a bustle ensued that you might have thought a goose the rarest of all birds; a feathered phenomenon, to which a black swan was a matter of course — and in truth it was something very like it in that

house. Mrs. Cratchit made the gravy (ready beforehand in a little saucepan) hissing hot; Master Peter mashed the potatoes with incredible vigor; Miss Belinda sweetened up the apple sauce; Martha dusted the hot plates; Bob took Tiny Tim beside him in a tiny corner at the table; the two younger Cratchits set chairs for everybody, not forgetting themselves, and, mounting guard at their posts, crammed spoons into their mouths, lest they should shriek for goose before their turn came to be helped. At last the dishes were set on, and grace was said. It was succeeded by a breathless pause, as Mrs. Cratchit, looking slowly all along the carving-knife, prepared to plunge it in the breast; but when she did, and when the long-expected gush of stuffing issued forth, one murmur of delight arose all around the board, and even Tiny Tim, excited by the two young Cratchits, beat on the table with the handle of his knife, and feebly cried Hurrah!

There never was such a goose. Bob said he didn't believe there ever was such a goose cooked. Its tenderness and flavor, size and cheapness, were the themes of universal admiration. Eked out by apple sauce and mashed potatoes, it was a sufficient dinner for the whole family; indeed, as Mrs. Cratchit said with great delight (surveying one small atom of a bone upon the dish), they hadn't ate it all at last! Yet every one had had enough, and the youngest

Cratchits, in particular, were steeped in sage and onion to the eyebrows. But now, the plates being changed by Miss Belinda, Mrs. Cratchit left the room alone — too nervous to bear witnesses — to take the pudding up and bring it in.

Suppose it should not be done enough! Suppose it should break in turning out! Suppose somebody should have got over the wall of the back-yard, and stolen it, while they were merry with the goose — a supposition at which the two young Cratchits became livid! All sorts of horrors were supposed.

Hallo! A great deal of steam! The pudding was out of the copper. A smell like a washing-day! That was the cloth. A smell like an eating-house and a pastry-cook's next door to each other, with a laundress's next to that! That was the pudding! In half a minute Mrs. Cratchit entered — flushed but smiling proudly — with the pudding, like a speckled cannonball, so hard and firm, blazing in half of half-a-quartern of ignited brandy, and bedight with Christmas holly stuck into the top.

Oh, a wonderful pudding! Bob Cratchit said, and calmly too, that he regarded it as the greatest success achieved by Mrs. Cratchit since their marriage. Mrs. Cratchit said that now the weight was off her mind, she would confess she had had her doubts about the quantity of flour. Everybody had something to say about it, but nobody said or

thought it was at all a small pudding for a large family. It would have been flat heresy to do so. Any Cratchit would have blushed to hint at such a thing.

At last the dinner was all done, the cloth was cleared, the hearth swept, and the fire made up. The compound in the jug being tasted and considered perfect, apples and oranges were put upon the table, and a shovelful of chestnuts on the fire. Then all the Cratchit family drew round the hearth in what Bob Cratchit called a circle, meaning half a one; and at Bob Cratchit's elbow stood the family display of glass — two tumblers and a custard cup without a handle.

These held the hot stuff from the jug, however, as well as golden goblets would have done; and Bob served it out with beaming looks, while the chestnuts on the fire sputtered and cracked noisily. Then Bob proposed, —

"A Merry Christmas to us all, my dears. God bless us!"

Which the family re-echoed.

"God bless us every one!" said Tiny Tim, the last of all.

brave: making a fine display; showy.

comforter: a long woolen scarf or muffler.

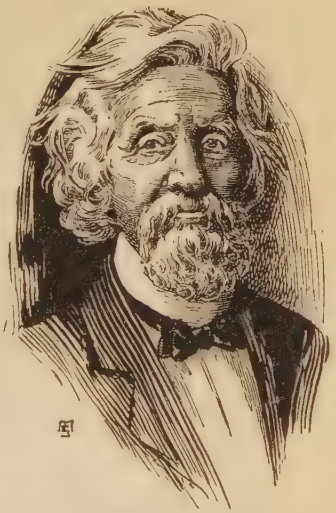
copper: a copper vessel, usually serving for boiling clothes.

hob: a projection at the side or back of a fireplace, used as a place to keep dishes warm.

MIDWINTER

By John Townsend Trowbridge

John Townsend Trowbridge was born in the state of New York, Sept. 18, 1827, but as he went to Boston when a very young man and connected himself with the press of that city, he is usually considered one of the New England writers. He wrote both stories and poems; his stories have been very popular, especially those for boys, which are the best of their kind, and his poems have won many readers. He chose his subjects from the familiar events and characters of everyday life, so that he is readily understood. He died Feb. 12, 1916.



JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE

THE speckled sky is dim with snow,
The light flakes falter and fall slow;
Athwart the hilltop, rapt and pale,
Silently drops a silver veil;
And all the valley is shut in
By flickering curtains gray and thin.

But cheerily the chickadee
Singeth to me on fence and tree;

The snow sails round him as he sings,
White as the down on angels' wings.

I watch the snowflakes as they fall
On bank and brier and broken wall;
Over the orchard, waste and brown,
All noiselessly they settle down,
Tipping the apple boughs and each
Light quivering twig of plum and peach.

All day it snows; the sheeted post
Gleams in the dimness like a ghost:
All day the blasted oak has stood
A muffled wizard of the wood;
Garland and airy cap adorn
The sumach and the wayside thorn,
And clustering spangles lodge and shine
In the dark tresses of the pine.

Still cheerily the chickadee
Singeth to me on fence and tree;
But in my inmost ear is heard
The music of a holier bird;
And heavenly thoughts as soft and white
As snowflakes on my soul alight,
Clothing with love my lonely heart,
Healing with peace each bruisèd part,
Till all my being seems to be
Transfigured by their purity.

THE DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR

By Alfred, Lord Tennyson

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

Alfred Tennyson (Aug. 6, 1809–Oct. 6, 1892) was the fourth child of a cultured clergyman of the Church of England, and grew up with a large family of brothers and sisters amid a romantic world of the past. In fact, the children knew more about knights, dragons, and giants than they did about the world about them. As a man, Tennyson consecrated his life to poetry, and his time was devoted either to the study of nature or to his books. When he was forty years old he had published his great poem, "In Memoriam," a tribute to his friend Hallam; he had been made poet laureate; and was able to marry and build for himself a home. As a final honor the queen made him a peer of England. His first poems are pleasing, and are still great favorites, though as he grew older his work was stronger and better and his verse came into closer touch with life. When you are older you will appreciate the story of King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table which Tennyson put into exquisite verse under the name "The Idylls of the King." We give here a poem which represents the Old Year as one who has enjoyed all the pleasures of life; has been a good friend; has made enemies, as the best of us do; and now is passing out while his son, the New Year, is riding at full speed to come into his inheritance.

FULL knee-deep lies the winter snow,
And the winter winds are wearily sighing.
Toll ye the church bell sad and low,
And tread softly and speak low,
For the old year lies a-dying.
Old year, you must not die;
You came to us so readily,
You lived with us so steadily,
Old year, you shall not die.

He lieth still; he doth not move;
He will not see the dawn of day.
He hath no other life above.
He gave me a friend, and a true, true love,
And the new year will take 'em away.
Old year, you must not go;
So long as you have been with us,
Such joy as you have seen with us,
Old year, you shall not go.

He frothed his bumpers to the brim;
A jollier year we shall not see.
But tho' his eyes are waxing dim,
And tho' his foes speak ill of him,
He was a friend to me.
Old year, you shall not die;
We did so laugh and cry with you,
I've half a mind to die with you,
Old year, if you must die.

He was full of joke and jest,
But all his merry quips are o'er.
To see him die, across the waste
His son and heir doth ride post-haste,
But he'll be dead before.
Every one for his own.
The night is starry and cold, my friend,
And the New year blithe and bold, my friend,
Comes up to take his own.

How hard he breathes! over the snow
I heard just now the crowing cock.
The shadows flicker to and fro:
The cricket chirps: the light burns low:
'Tis nearly twelve o'clock.
Shake hands, before you die.
Old year, we'll dearly rue for you:
What is it we can do for you?
Speak out before you die.

His face is growing sharp and thin.
Alack! our friend is gone.
Close up his eyes: tie up his chin:
Step from the corpse, and let him in
That standeth there alone,
And waiteth at the door.
There's a new foot on the floor, my friend,
And a new face at the door, my friend,
A new face at the door.

WEE WILLIE WINKIE

By Rudyard Kipling

RUDYARD KIPLING

Rudyard Kipling was born in Bombay, Dec. 30, 1865. His father, an English artist, was for many years curator of the Lahore Museum of India. Kipling gives us a spirited account of his schooldays at the United College, North Devon, in his story "Stalky and Co." He returned to India at the age of seventeen and became subeditor of the Lahore "Civil and Military Gazette." To this journal he contributed a number of his own stories, later published in a volume entitled "Plain Tales from the Hills." These were followed by a series of similar tales published in cheap pamphlet form. The author's talent was given immediate and flattering recognition in India. In 1887 he started on a three years' trip, visiting China, Japan, and America. Upon arrival in England he found himself famous. Readers of his prose had been impressed with the occasional verses with which he adorned certain of his tales. Some of these were later collected with others in a volume to which was given the title, "Barrack Room Ballads." Before finally making his home in England, he lived some time in America, where he married. Among his widely read books are "The Jungle Books," "The Seven Seas" (poems), "Captains Courageous," and "Kim," by far the most successful of his longer narratives.

The selection given here is from one of Kipling's short stories. By way of introduction it should be explained that the young hero, whose nickname gives the tale its title, is the son of the Colonel of a British regiment in India. The little lad is an admiring friend of Brandis, or "Coppy" as he has nicknamed him,

one of the subalterns (lieutenants) of the regiment. Winkie has discovered but has promised to keep secret Brandis's engagement to the Major's daughter, Miss Allardyce.

THE idea that he shared a great secret in common with Coppy kept Wee Willie Winkie unusually virtuous for three weeks. Then the Old Adam broke out, and he made what he called a "camp-fire" at the bottom of the garden. How could he have foreseen that the flying sparks would have lighted the Colonel's little hayrick and consumed a week's store for the horses? Sudden and swift was the punishment — deprivation of the good-conduct badge and, most sorrowful of all, two days' confinement to barracks — the house and the veranda — coupled with the withdrawal of the light of his father's countenance.

He took the sentence like the man he strove to be, drew himself up with quivering underlip, saluted, and, once clear of the room, ran to weep bitterly in the nursery — called by him "my quarters." Coppy came in the afternoon and attempted to console the culprit.

"I'm under awwest," said Wee Willie Winkie, mournfully, "and I didn't ought to speak to you."

Very early the next morning he climbed on to the roof of the house — that was not forbidden — and beheld Miss Allardyce going for a ride.

"Where are you going?" cried Wee Willie Winkie.

"Across the river," she answered, and trotted forward.

Now the cantonment in which the 195th lay was bounded on the north by a river — dry in the winter. From his earliest years, Wee Willie Winkie had been forbidden to go across the river, and had noted that even Coppy — the almost almighty Coppy — had never set foot beyond it. Wee Willie Winkie had once been read to, out of a big blue book, the history of the Princess and the Goblins — a most wonderful tale of a land where the Goblins were always warring with the children of men until they were defeated by one Curdie. Ever since that date, it had seemed to him that the bare black and purple hills across the river were inhabited by Goblins, and, in truth, every one had said that there lived the Bad Men. Even in his own house the lower halves of the windows were covered with green paper on account of the Bad Men who might, if allowed a clear view, fire into peaceful drawing-rooms and comfortable bedrooms. And here was Major Allardyce's big girl, Coppy's property, preparing to venture into their borders! What would Coppy say if anything happened to her? If the Goblins ran off with her as they did with Curdie's Princess? She must at all hazards be turned back.

The house was still. Wee Willie Winkie reflected for a moment on the very terrible wrath of his father;

and then — broke his arrest! It was crime unspeakable. The low sun threw his shadow, very large and very black, on trim garden-paths as he went down to the stables and ordered his pony. It seemed to him in the hush of the dawn that all the big world had been bidden to stand still and look at Wee Willie Winkie guilty of mutiny. The drowsy groom handed him his mount, and, since the one great sin made all others insignificant, Wee Willie Winkie said that he was going to ride over to Coppy Sahib, and went out at a footpace, stepping on the soft mold of the flower-borders.

The devastating track of the pony's feet was the last misdeed that cut him off from all sympathy of Humanity. He turned into the road, leaned forward, and rode as fast as the pony could put foot to the ground in the direction of the river.

Almost at the foot of the inhospitable hills, Wee Willie Winkie saw the Waler blunder and come down heavily. Miss Allardyce struggled clear, but her ankle had been severely twisted, and she could not stand. She wept copiously, and was surprised by the apparition of a white, wide-eyed child in khaki, on a nearly spent pony.

"Are you badly, badly hurted?" shouted Wee Willie Winkie, as soon as he was within range. "You didn't ought to be here."

"I don't know," said Miss Allardyce, ruefully,

ignoring the reproof. "Good gracious, child, what are *you* doing here?"

"You said you was going acwoss ve wiver," panted Wee Willie Winkie, throwing himself off his pony. "And nobody — not even Coppy — must go acwoss ve wiver, and I came after you so hard, but you wouldn't stop, and now you've hurted yourself, and Coppy will be angwy wiv me and — I've bwoken my awwest! I've bwoken my awwest!"

The future Colonel of the 195th sat down and sobbed. In spite of the pain in her ankle the girl was moved.

"Have you ridden all the way from the cantonments, little man? What for?"

"You belonged to Coppy. Coppy told me so!" wailed Wee Willie Winkie, disconsolately. "I saw him kissing you, and he said he was fonder of you van Bell or ve Butcha or me. And so I came. You must get up and come back. You didn't ought to be here. Vis is a bad place, and I've bwoken my awwest."

"I can't move, Winkie," said Miss Allardyce, with a groan. "I've hurt my foot. What shall I do?"

She showed a readiness to weep afresh, which steadied Wee Willie Winkie, who had been brought up to believe that tears were the depth of unmanliness. Still, when one is as great a sinner as Wee

Willie Winkie, even a man may be permitted to break down.

"Winkie," said Miss Allardyce, "when you've rested a little, ride back and tell them to send out something to carry me back in. It hurts fearfully."

The child sat still for a little time and Miss Allardyce closed her eyes; the pain was nearly making her faint. She was roused by Wee Willie Winkie tying up the reins on his pony's neck and setting it free with a vicious cut of his whip that made it whicker. The little animal headed toward the cantonments.

"Oh, Winkie! What are you doing?"

"Hush!" said Wee Willie Winkie. "Vere's a man coming — one of ve Bad Men. I must stay wiv you. My faver says a man must *always* look after a girl. Jack will go home, and ven vey'll come and look for us. Vat's why I let him go."

Not one man but two or three had appeared from behind the rocks of the hills, and the heart of Wee Willie Winkie sank within him, for just in this manner were the Goblins wont to steal out and vex Curdie's soul. Thus had they played in Curdie's garden, he had seen the picture, and thus had they frightened the Princess's nurse.

They came up to the bowlders on which Miss Allardyce's horse had blundered.

Then rose from the rock Wee Willie Winkie, aged

six and three-quarters, and said briefly and emphatically, "*Jao!*" The pony had crossed the river bed.

Other men with most evil faces and crooked-stocked guns crept out of the shadows of the hills, till, soon, Wee Willie Winkie was face to face with an audience some twenty strong. Miss Allardyce screamed.

"Who are you?" said one of the men.

"I am the Colonel Sahib's son, and my order is that you go at once. You are frightening Miss Sahib. One of you must run to the cantonments and take the news that Miss Sahib has hurt herself, and that the Colonel's son is here with her."

"Put our feet into the trap?" was the laughing reply. "Hear this boy's speech!"

"Say that I sent you – I, the Colonel's son. They will give you money."

"What is the use of this talk? Take up the child and the girl, and we can at least ask for the ransom. Ours are the villages on the heights," said a voice in the background.

Another man joined the conference, crying:

"O foolish men! This babe is the heart's heart of those white troops. For the sake of peace let them go both, for if he be taken, the regiment will break loose and gut the valley. *Our* villages are in the valley, and we shall not escape."

The riderless pony brought the news to the 195th, though there had been consternation in the Colonel's

household for an hour before. The little beast came in through the parade ground in front of the main barracks, where the men were settling down to play Spoil-five till the afternoon. Devlin, the Color-Sergeant of E Company, glanced at the empty saddle and tumbled through the barrack-rooms, kicking up each Room Corporal as he passed. "Up, ye beggars! Something has happened to the Colonel's son," he shouted. "E Company, double out to the river — sharp!"

So E Company, in its shirt-sleeves mainly, doubled for dear life, and in the rear toiled the perspiring Sergeant, adjuring it to double yet faster. The cantonment was alive with the men of the 195th hunting for Wee Willie Winkie, and the Colonel finally overtook E Company, far too exhausted to swear, struggling in the pebbles of the river-bed.

Up the hill under which Wee Willie Winkie's Bad Men were discussing the wisdom of carrying off the child and the girl, a lookout fired two shots.

The men waited for an instant, and then, as another shot was fired, withdrew into the hills, silently as they had appeared.

"The wegiment is coming," said Wee Willie Winkie, confidently, "and it's all wight. Don't cwy!"

He needed the advice himself, for ten minutes later, when his father came up, he was weeping bitterly with his head in Miss Allardyce's lap.

And the men of the 195th carried him home with shouts and rejoicings; and Coppy, who had ridden a horse into a lather, met him, and, to his intense disgust, kissed him openly in the presence of the men.

But there was balm for his dignity. His father assured him that not only would the breaking of his arrest be condoned, but that the good-conduct badge would be restored as soon as his mother could sew it on his blouse-sleeve. Miss Allardyce had told the Colonel a story that made him proud of his son.

"She belonged to you, Coppy," said Wee Willie Winkie, indicating Miss Allardyce with a grimy forefinger. "I *knew* she didn't ought to go acwoss ve wiver, and I knew ve wegiment would come to me if I sent Jack home."

"You're a hero, Winkie," said Coppy — "a *pukka* hero!"

"I don't know what vat means," said Wee Willie Winkie, "but you mustn't call me Winkie any more. I'm Percival Will'am Will'ams."

And in this manner did Wee Willie Winkie enter into his manhood.

cantonment: a permanent military station or military town.

195th: the regiment under the command of Wee Willie Winkie's father, the Colonel.

Sahib: the title used by the natives of India when addressing a European gentleman.

Waler: a horse; a colloquial term. Many horses are imported into India from New South Wales for the British cavalry.

pukka: real; a Hindu word.

THE VOICE OF THE SEA

By Thomas Bailey Aldrich

Thomas Bailey Aldrich was a native of New Hampshire and was born at Portsmouth, Nov. 11, 1836. Necessity compelled him to take up at first a business career, but in a few years he became a contributor to magazines and newspapers, and finally attained the position of editor of "The Atlantic Monthly," which he retained until 1890. He wrote both prose and poetry: his novels are entertaining, many of their characters having been drawn from life; his verse is musical and full of delicate fancy. Mr. Aldrich died at Boston, March 19, 1907.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

IN the hush of the autumn night
I hear the voice of the sea,
In the hush of the autumn night
It seems to say to me,
Mine are the winds above,
Mine are the caves below,
Mine are the dead of yesterday
And the dead of long ago.

And I think of the fleet that sailed
From the lovely Gloucester shore,
I think of the fleet that sailed
And came back nevermore!
My eyes are filled with tears,
And my heart is numb with woe —
It seems as if 'twere yesterday,
And it all was long ago!

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER

By Thomas Campbell

THOMAS CAMPBELL

Thomas Campbell was born at Glasgow, Scotland, July 27,1777. At an early age he showed marked talent for poetic writing, and his work attracted public notice at once. His genius was hampered by natural timidity and indolence so that in a literary life of over forty years he wrote comparatively few works. Among his longer poems are "The Pleasures of Hope" and "Gertrude of Wyoming"; but he is best known by his lyrics, "Hohenlinden," "Lochiel's Warning," "Ye Mariners of England," and the ballad given below, "Lord Ullin's Daughter." He died June 15, 1844.

A CHIEFTAIN to the Highlands bound
Cries "Boatman, do not tarry!
And I'll give thee a silver pound
To row us o'er the ferry!"

"Now who be ye, would cross Lochgyle
This dark and stormy water?"
"O I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
And this, Lord Ullin's daughter.

"And fast before her father's men
Three days we've fled together,
For should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather.

"His horsemen hard behind us ride —
Should they our steps discover,
Then who will cheer my bonny bride
When they have slain her lover?"

Out spoke the hardy Highland wight
"I'll go, my chief, I'm ready;
It is not for your silver bright,
But for your winsome lady;

"And by my word! the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry;
So though the waves are raging white
I'll row you o'er the ferry."

By this the storm grew loud apace,
The water-wraith was shrieking;
And in the scowl of heaven each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode armèd men,
Their trampling sounded nearer.

"O haste thee, haste!" the lady cries,
"Though tempests round us gather;
I'll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father."

The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her, —
When, O! too strong for human hand
The tempest gather'd o'er her.

And still they row'd amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing:
Lord Ullin reach'd that fatal shore, —
His wrath was changed to wailing.

For, sore dismay'd, through storm and shade
His child he did discover: —
One lovely hand she stretch'd for aid,
And one was round her lover.

"Come back! come back!" he cried in grief,
"Across this stormy water:
And I'll forgive your Highland chief,
My daughter! — O my daughter!"

'Twas vain: the loud waves lash'd the shore,
Return or aid preventing:
The waters wild went o'er his child,
And he was left lamenting.

ROLL on, thou deep and dark-blue ocean — roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin, — his control
Stops with the shore; — upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own;
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.

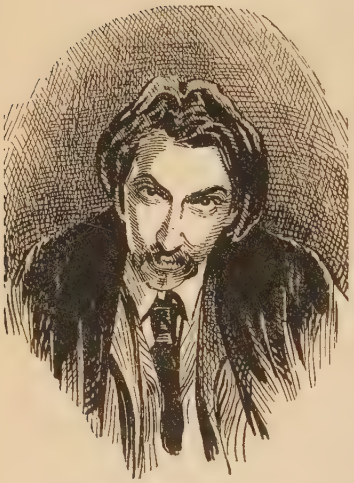
LORD BYRON.

IN the darkness as in daylight,
On the water as on land,
God's eye is looking on us
And beneath us is His hand.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

THE CRUISE OF THE CORACLE

By Robert Louis Stevenson



ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Robert Louis Stevenson was born at Edinburgh, Scotland, Nov. 13, 1850, and was educated at the University of his native city as a lawyer, though he never practiced his profession. He devoted all his energies to literature, although he worked under great disadvantage, for he was an invalid most of his life. He was very much of a hero in bearing pain and suffering, and struggled with disease for many years, until at last he was obliged to leave his native land and make a new home among the half-civilized people of the island of Samoa in the Pacific Ocean. He made a brave fight, loved to be out of doors, loved children, delighted in nature, was kind and sympathetic in spite of all his troubles. At last the end came; he died in his island home Dec. 3, 1894, and was buried as he wished on the summit of a high hill overlooking the sea. Stevenson wrote many books, most of them full of adventure. He also wrote poems and essays; many of the former were composed especially for children, and were published under the name of "A Child's Garden of Verses." He ranks as one of the foremost writers of our age; his style is clear and direct, and he has a master's touch in description, and an unusual command of strong, pure English. One of his most popular stories is "Treasure Island," a tale of an expedition to a lonely island where pirates had hidden a great treasure. In the crew of the expedition are some of the pirate captain's former crew, and when the island is reached they

mutiny and seize the ship. Some of the men were faithful to the officers, and joined them in fortifying a camp on shore. Jim Hawkins, the cabin boy, was among these; but filled with a plan of retaking the ship which had been left almost unguarded, he embarked in a coracle he had found on the shore, and experienced the adventure related in the selection.

IT was broad day when I awoke, and found myself tossing at the southwest end of Treasure Island. The sun was up, but was still hid from me behind the great bulk of the Spy-glass, which, on this side, descended almost to the sea in formidable cliffs.

Haulbowline Head and Mizzenmast Hill were at my elbow; the hill bare and dark, the head bound with cliffs forty or fifty feet high, and fringed with great masses of fallen rock. I was scarce a quarter of a mile to seaward, and it was my first thought to paddle in and land.

The notion was soon given over. Among the fallen rocks the breakers spouted and bellowed; loud reverberations, heavy sprays flying and falling, succeeded one another from second to second; and I saw myself, if I ventured nearer, dashed to death upon the rough shore, or spending my strength in vain to scale the beetling crags.

Nor was that all; for, crawling together on flat tables of rock, or letting themselves drop into the sea with loud reports, I beheld huge slimy monsters — soft snails, as it were, of incredible bigness —

two or three score of them together, making the rocks to echo with their barkings.

I have understood since that they were sea lions, and entirely harmless. But the look of them, added to the difficulty of the shore, and to the high running of the surf, was more than enough to disgust me of that landing-place. I felt willing rather to starve at sea than to confront such perils.

In the meantime I had a better chance, as I supposed, before me. North of Haulbowline Head the land runs in a long way, leaving, at low tide, a long stretch of yellow sand. To the north of that again, there comes another cape — Cape of the Woods, as it was marked upon the chart — buried in tall green pines, which descended to the margin of the sea.

I remembered what Silver had said about the current that sets northward along the whole west coast of Treasure Island; and seeing from my position that I was already under its influence, I preferred to leave Haulbowline Head behind me, and reserve my strength for an attempt to land upon the kindlier-looking Cape of the Woods.

There was a great smooth swell upon the sea. The wind blowing steady and gentle from the south, there was no contrariety between that and the current, and the billows rose and fell unbroken.

Had it been otherwise, I must long ago have perished; but, as it was, it is surprising how easily and securely my little and light boat could ride. Often, as I still lay at the bottom, and kept no more than an eye above the gunwale, I would see a big blue summit heaving close above me; yet the coracle would but bounce a little, dance as if on springs, and subside on the other side into the trough as lightly as a bird.

I began after a little to grow very bold, and sat up to try my skill at paddling. But even a small change in the disposition of the weight will produce violent changes in the behavior of a coracle. And I had hardly moved before the boat, giving up at once her gentle dancing movement, ran straight down a slope of water so steep that it made me giddy, and stuck her nose, with a spout of spray, deep into the side of the next wave.

I was drenched and terrified, and fell instantly back into my old position, whereupon the coracle seemed to find her head again, and led me as softly as before among the billows. It was plain she was not to be interfered with, and at that rate, since I could in no way influence her course, what hope had I left of reaching land?

I began to be horribly frightened, but I kept my head for all that. First, moving with all care, I gradually baled out the coracle with my sea-cap;

then getting my eye once more above the gunwale, I set myself to study how it was she managed to slip so quietly through the rollers.

I found each wave, instead of the big, smooth, glossy mountain it looks from the shore, or from a vessel's deck, was for all the world like any range of hills on the dry land, full of peaks and smooth places and valleys. The coracle left to herself, turning from side to side, threaded, so to speak, her way through these lower parts, and avoided the steep slopes and higher, toppling summits of the wave.

"Well, now," I thought to myself, "it is plain I must lie where I am, and not disturb the balance; but it is plain, also, that I can put the paddle over the side and, from time to time, in smooth places, give her a shove or two towards land." No sooner thought upon than done. There I lay upon my elbows, in the most trying attitude, and every now and again gave a weak shove or two to turn her head to shore.

It was very tiring and slow work, yet I did visibly gain ground; and, as we drew near the Cape of the Woods, though I saw I must infallibly miss that point, I had still made some hundred yards of easting. I was, indeed, close in. I could see the cool, green tree-tops swaying together in the breeze, and I felt sure I should make the next promontory without fail.

It was high time, for I now began to be tortured with thirst. The glow of the sun from above, its thousand-fold reflection from the waves, the sea-water that fell and dried upon me, caking my very lips with salt, combined to make my throat burn and my brain ache. The sight of the trees so near at hand had almost made me sick with longing; but the current had soon carried me past the point; and as the next reach of sea opened out, I beheld a sight that changed the nature of my thoughts.

Right in front of me, not a half a mile away, I beheld the *Hispaniola* under sail. I made sure, of course, that I should be taken; but I was so distressed for want of water that I scarce knew whether to be glad or sorry at the thought; and long before I had come to a conclusion, surprise had taken entire possession of my mind, and I could do nothing but stare and wonder.

The *Hispaniola* was under her mainsail and two jibs, and the beautiful white canvas shone in the sun like snow or silver. When I first sighted her, all her sails were drawing; she was laying a course about northwest; and I presumed the men on board were going round the island on their way back to the anchorage. Presently she began to fetch more and more to the westward, so that I thought they had sighted me, and were going

about in chase. At last, however, she fell right into the wind's eye, was taken dead aback, and stood there awhile helpless, with her sails shivering.

"Clumsy fellows!" said I; "they must still be drunk as owls." And I thought how Captain Smollett would have set them skipping.

Meanwhile the schooner gradually fell off, and filled again upon another tack, sailed swiftly for a minute or so, and brought up once more dead in the wind's eye. Again and again was this repeated. To and fro, up and down, north, south, east, and west, the *Hispaniola* sailed by swoops and dashes, and at each repetition ended, as she had begun, with idly flapping canvas. It became plain to me that nobody was steering. And, if so, where were the men? Either they were dead drunk or had deserted her, I thought, and perhaps if I could get on board I might return the vessel to her captain.

The current was bearing coracle and schooner southward at an equal rate. As for the latter's sailing, it was so wild and intermittent, and she hung each time so long in irons, that she certainly gained nothing, even if she did not lose. If only I dared sit up and paddle, I made sure I could overhaul her. The scheme had an air of adventure that inspired me, and the thought of the

water breaker beside the fore companion doubled my growing courage.

Up I got, was welcomed almost instantly by another cloud of spray, but this time stuck to my purpose; and set myself, with all my strength and caution, to paddle after the unsteered *Hispaniola*. Once I shipped a sea so heavy that I had to stop and bail, with my heart fluttering like a bird; but gradually I got into the way of the thing, and guided my coracle among the waves, with only now and then a blow upon her bows and a dash of foam in my face.

I was now gaining rapidly upon the schooner; I could see the brass glisten on the tiller as it banged about; and still no soul appeared upon her decks. I could not choose but suppose she was deserted. If not, the men were lying drunk below, where I might batten them down, perhaps, and do what I chose with the ship.

For some time she had been doing the worst thing possible for me, — standing still. She headed nearly due south, yawing, of course, all the time. Each time she fell off, her sails partly filled, and these brought her in a moment right to the wind again. I have said this was the worst thing possible for me; for, helpless as she looked in this situation, with the canvas cracking like cannon, and the blocks trundling and banging on the deck,

she still continued to run away from me, not only with the speed of the current, but by the whole amount of her leeway, which was naturally great.

But now, at last, I had my chance. The breeze fell, for some seconds, very low, and the current gradually turning her, the *Hispaniola* revolved slowly round her center, and at last presented me her stern, with the cabin window still gaping open, and the lamp over the table still burning on into the day. The mainsail hung drooped like a banner. She was stock-still, save for the current.

For the last little while I had even lost; but now, redoubling my efforts, I began once more to overhaul the chase.

I was not a hundred yards from her when the wind came again in a clap; she filled on the port tack, and was off again, stooping and skimming like a swallow.

My first impulse was one of despair, but my second was towards joy. Round she came until she was broadside on to me, — round still till she had covered a half, and then two-thirds, and then three-quarters of the distance that separated us. I could see the waves boiling white under her forefoot. Immensely tall she looked to me from my low station in the coracle.

And then, of a sudden, I began to comprehend. I had scarce time to think — scarce time to act

and save myself. I was on the summit of one swell when the schooner came stooping over the next. The bowsprit was over my head. I sprang to my feet and leaped, stamping the coracle under water. With one hand I caught the jib-boom, while my foot was lodged between the stay and the brace; and as I still clung there panting, a dull blow told me that the schooner had charged down upon and struck the coracle, and that I was left without retreat on the *Hispaniola*.

coracle: a fisherman's boat, made by covering a wicker frame with leather or oilcloth.

Spy-glass, Haulbowline Head, Mizzenmast Hill: places on Treasure Island.

Hispaniola: the name of the vessel which brought the adventurers to the island.

mainsail: in a fore-and-aft rigged vessel the large sail set on the after part of the mainmast.

jib: a large, triangular sail extending, in a schooner, from the bowsprit end toward the foretopmast head.

wind's eye: in a direction contrary to that of the wind.

dead aback: some of the sails slack and some full of wind.

in irons: to have the yards so braced that the sails pull different ways.

blocks: grooved pulleys mounted in a casing.

leeway: deviation from the true course, caused by drifting to leeward.

stay: a strong rope to support a mast.

brace: one of the ropes fastened to the yards of a ship reaching to the deck.

THE NECKAN

By Matthew Arnold

MATTHEW ARNOLD

Matthew Arnold (Dec. 24, 1822–April 15, 1888) was the son of Dr. Thomas Arnold, the famous head master of Rugby School, and had, therefore, unusual opportunities for education. He made the most of these advantages and won honors at Balliol College, Oxford. Besides his literary work, he did good service as Inspector of Schools, and did much to assist education in its highest sense. He strove in his books and essays to arouse a better kind of intellectual feeling in England. His first works were in poetry, but before he was widely known as a poet, he had made his reputation as a prose writer. His style is clear, and he is a perfect master of English. "The Neckan" is one of his early poems, and tells again the legend of the being, half human and half merman or mermaid, who is striving to attain a complete soul and salvation. Usually the poor creature is half woman, as Melusina and the Loreley, but the unfortunate Neckan is a man sprite who weeps and tells his sad tale.

IN summer, on the headlands,
The Baltic Sea along,
Sits Neckan with his harp of gold,
And sings his plaintive song.

Green rolls beneath the headlands,
Green rolls the Baltic Sea;
And there, below the Neckan's feet,
His wife and children be.

He sings not of the ocean,
Its shells and roses pale;
Of earth, of earth the Neckan sings,
He hath no other tale.

He sits upon the headlands,
And sings a mournful stave
Of all he saw and felt on earth,
Far from the kind sea-wave.

Sings how, a knight, he wandered
By castle, field, and town —
But earthly knights have harder hearts
Than the sea-children own.

Sings of his early bridal —
Priest, knights, and ladies gay.
" — And who art thou," the priest began,
" Sir Knight, who wedd'st to-day ?"

"—I am no knight," he answered;
" From the sea-waves I come." —
The knights drew sword, the ladies screamed,
The surprisèd priest stood dumb.

He sings how from the chapel
He vanished with his bride,
And bore her down to the sea-halls,
Beneath the salt sea-tide.

He sings how she sits weeping
'Mid shells that round her lie.
"— False Neckan shares my bed," she weeps:
"No Christian mate have I." —

He sings how through the billows
He rose to earth again,
And sought a priest to sign the cross,
That Neckan Heaven might gain.

He sings how, on an evening,
Beneath the birch trees cool,
He sate and played his harp of gold,
Beside the river-pool.

Beside the pool sate Neckan —
Tears filled his mild blue eye.
On his white mule, across the bridge,
A cassocked priest rode by.

"— Why sitt'st thou there, O Neckan,
And play'st thy harp of gold?
Sooner shall this my staff bear leaves,
Than thou shalt Heaven behold." —

But lo, the staff, it budded!
It greened, it branched, it waved.
"—O ruth of God," the priest cried out,
"This lost sea-creature saved!"

The cassocked priest rode onwards,
And vanished with his mule;
But Neckan in the twilight gray,
Wept by the river pool.

He wept: "The earth hath kindness,
The sea, the starry poles;
Earth, sea, and sky, and God above —
But, ah, not human souls!"

In summer, on the headlands,
The Baltic Sea along,
Sits Neckan with his harp of gold,
And sings this plaintive song.

Neckan: in Scandinavian mythology a lost spirit or water sprite doomed to live eternally in a watery grave.

Sings how, etc.: The rest of the poem tells of an earlier adventure of the Neckan.

to sign the cross: to grant absolution.

this staff bear leaves: The same wonder is related of Pope Urban in the legend of Tannhäuser. Tannhäuser had sinned and applied to the Pope for absolution, and received the same answer as the Neckan received from the priest. In his case, too, the dry staff budded.

ruth of God: compassion of God; yet the priest did not believe it, for he rode away without giving absolution.

THE ADVENTURES OF A SHILLING

By Joseph Addison

JOSEPH ADDISON

Joseph Addison (May 1, 1672–June 17, 1719) lived at a time when great changes were taking place in England. The people drove out the king, James II, and put William, Prince of Orange, in his place. Addison was a student at Oxford when this took place, and he became a Whig, as the followers of the new king were called. Some of his early writings attracted notice, and he received a pension from the government which enabled him to travel extensively on the Continent. When the king died he lost his pension, but he was fortunate enough to please the new ministry by a poem he wrote in praise of the Duke of Marlborough who had just won the famous battle of Blenheim, and he was given a public office. His good fortune continued; he entered Parliament, and at last became Chief Secretary for Ireland. But it is not as statesman, man of fortune, or poet that he is remembered, but as the author of the most delightful essays in our language. These were contributed chiefly to "The Spectator," a weekly paper, but without any news. For his subjects Addison took the follies and fashions of the day, religion, morals, politics, poetry, and literature, and treated them all in a lively but delicate style, full of kind humor and sarcasm when such were needed. He taught a moral, but always in a pleasant, familiar way, and his idea of attacking evil was to make it ridiculous and unreasonable. In connection with his friend, Richard Steele, Addison really effected a remarkable change in literature.

I WAS last night visited by a friend of mine, who has an inexhaustible fund of discourse, and never fails to entertain his company with a variety of thoughts and hints that are altogether new and uncommon. Whether it were in complaisance to my way of living, or his real opinion, he advanced the following paradox: "That it required much greater talents to fill up and become a retired life, than a life of business." Upon this occasion he rallied very agreeably the busy men of the age, who only valued themselves for being in motion, and passing through a series of trifling and insignificant actions. In the heat of his discourse, seeing a piece of money lying on my table, "I defy [says he] any of these active persons to produce half the adventures that this twelvepenny piece has been engaged in, were it possible for him to give us an account of his life."

My friend's talk made so odd an impression upon my mind that soon after I was a-bed I fell insensibly into a most unaccountable reverie, that had neither moral nor design in it, and cannot be so properly called a dream as a delirium.

Methought the shilling that lay upon the table reared itself upon its edge, and turning the face towards me, opened its mouth, and in a soft silver sound gave me the following account of his life and adventures: —

"I was born [says he] on the side of a mountain, near a little village of Peru, and made a voyage to England in an ingot, under the convoy of Sir Francis Drake. I was, soon after my arrival, taken out of my Indian habit, refined, naturalized, and put into the British mode, with the face of Queen Elizabeth on one side, and the arms of the country on the other. Being thus equipped, I found in me a wonderful inclination to ramble, and visit all parts of the new world into which I was brought. The people very much favored my natural disposition, and shifted me so fast from hand to hand, that before I was five years old I had traveled into almost every corner of the nation. But in the beginning of my sixth year, to my unspeakable grief I fell into the hands of a miserable old fellow, who clapped me into an iron chest, where I found five hundred more of my own quality who lay under the same confinement. The only relief we had was to be taken out and counted over in the fresh air every morning and evening.

"After an imprisonment of several years, we heard somebody knocking at our chest, and breaking it open with a hammer. This we found was the old man's heir, who, as his father lay a-dying, was so good as to come to our release; he separated us that very day. What was the fate of my companions I know not; as for myself, I was sent

to the apothecary's shop for a pint of sack. The apothecary gave me to an herb-woman, the herb-woman to a butcher, the butcher to a brewer, and the brewer to his wife, who made a present of me to a nonconformist preacher.

"After many adventures, which it would be tedious to relate, I was sent to a young spendthrift, in company with the will of his deceased father. The young fellow, who I found was very extravagant, gave great demonstrations of joy at receiving the will; but opening it, he found himself disinherited and cut off from the possession of a fair estate by virtue of my being made a present to him. This put him into such a passion, that after having taken me into his hand, and cursed me, he squirred me away from him as far as he could fling me. I chanced to light in an unfrequented place under a dead wall, where I lay undiscovered and useless, during the usurpation of Oliver Cromwell.

"About a year after the King's return, a poor cavalier that was walking there about dinner-time fortunately cast his eye upon me, and, to the great joy of us both, carried me to a cook's shop, where he dined upon me and drank the king's health. When I came again into the world, I found that I had been happier in my retirement than I thought, having probably, by that means, escaped wearing a monstrous pair of breeches.

"Being now of great credit and antiquity, I was rather looked upon as a medal than an ordinary coin; for which reason a gamester laid hold of me, and converted me to a counter, having gotten together some dozens of us for that use. We led a melancholy life in his possession, being busy at those hours wherein current coin is at rest, and partaking the fate of our master, being in a few minutes valued at a crown, a pound, or a sixpence, according to the situation in which the fortune of the cards placed us. I had at length the good luck to see my master break, by which means I was again sent abroad under my primitive denomination of a shilling.

"I shall pass over many other accidents of less moment and hasten to that fatal catastrophe, when I fell into the hands of an artist, who conveyed me underground, and with an unmerciful pair of shears, cut off my titles, clipped my brims, retrenched my shape, rubbed me to my inmost ring, and, in short, so spoiled and pillaged me, that he did not leave me worth a groat. You may think what a confusion I was in, to see myself thus curtailed and disfigured. I should have been ashamed to have shown my head, had not all my old acquaintance been reduced to the same shameful figure. In the midst of this general calamity, when everybody thought our misfortunes irretriev-

able, and our case desperate, we were thrown into the furnace together, and (as it often happens with cities rising out of a fire) appeared with greater beauty and luster than we could ever boast of before."

paradox: something seemingly absurd, yet true in fact.

Sir Francis Drake: a celebrated English sailor and explorer in the time of Queen Elizabeth.

ingot: a mass of metal cast in a mold.

sack: a kind of sweet wine.

nonconformist: one who did not agree to the laws of the Church of England.

squirred: threw away with a jerk.

Oliver Cromwell: Lord Protector of England after the execution of Charles I.

King's return: the return of Charles II in 1660 after the abdication of Richard Cromwell.

cavalier: a follower of the royal family.

break: become bankrupt.

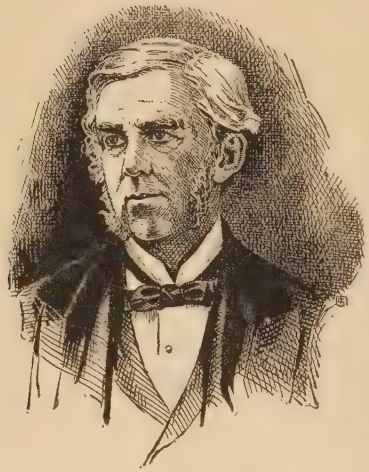
MONEY

TRADE it may help, society extend,
But lures the pirate, and corrupts the friend:
It raises armies in a nation's aid,
But bribes a senate, and the land's betrayed.

ALEXANDER POPE: *Moral Essays.*

THE WONDERFUL ONE-HOSS SHAY

By Oliver Wendell Holmes



OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

Oliver Wendell Holmes (Aug. 29, 1809–Oct. 7, 1894) belonged to that circle of authors who claimed New England as their home and who first gave our literature a permanent character. Dr. Holmes was a Harvard man and showed his genial nature while a student, so that one of his associates said of him, "He made you think you were the best fellow in the world, and he was the next best." His father was a Congregational minister, sedate and dull, but his son was full of humor, bright and clever and with the happy faculty of inspiring strong personal liking. His scholarship was excellent; he wrote several works pertaining to his profession, as well as many poems, two novels, essays, and the charming "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table." In this latter work is "The Wonderful One-Hoss Shay," one of the author's best poems.

HAVE you heard of the wonderful one-hoss shay,
That was built in such a logical way
It ran a hundred years to a day,
And then, of a sudden, it — ah, but stay,
I'll tell you what happened, without delay,
Scaring the parson into fits,

Frightening people out of their wits, —
Have you ever heard of that, I say?

Seventeen hundred and fifty-five.
Georgius Secundus was then alive, —
Snuffy old drone from the German hive.
That was the year when Lisbon-town
Saw the earth open and gulp her down,
And Braddock's army was done so brown,
Left without a scalp to its crown.
It was on the terrible Earthquake day
That the Deacon finished the one-hoss shay.

Now in building of chaises, I tell you what,
There is always *somewhere* a weakest spot, —
In hub, tire, felloe, in spring or thill,
In panel, or crossbar, or floor, or sill,
In screw, bolt, thoroughbrace, — lurking still,
Find it somewhere, you must and will, —
Above or below, or within or without, —
And that's the reason, beyond a doubt,
A chaise *breaks down*, but does n't *wear out*.

But the Deacon swore (as Deacons do,
With an "I dew vum," or an "I tell *yeou*,")
He would build one shay to beat the taown
'n' the keounty 'n' all the kentry raoun';
It should be so built that it *could n'* break daown:
"Fur," said the Deacon, "'t's mighty plain

Thut the weakes' place mus' stan' the strain;
'n' the way t' fix it, uz I maintain,
Is only jest
T' make that place uz strong uz the rest."

So the Deacon inquired of the village folk
Where he could find the strongest oak,
That could n't be split nor bent nor broke, —
That was for spokes and floor and sills;
He sent for lancewood to make the thills;
The crossbars were ash, from the straightest trees,
The panels of white wood, that cuts like cheese,
But lasts like iron for things like these;
The hubs of logs from the "Settler's ellum,"
Last of its timber, — they could n't sell 'em,
Never an axe had seen their chips,
And the wedges flew from between their lips,
Their blunt ends frizzled like celery-tips;
Step and prop-iron, bolt and screw,
Spring, tire, axle, and linchpin too,
Steel of the finest, bright and blue;
Thoroughbrace bison skin, thick and wide;
Boot, top, dasher, from tough old hide
Found in the pit when the tanner died.
That was the way he "put her through." —
"There!" said the Deacon, "naow she'll dew."

Do! I tell you, I rather guess
She was a wonder, and nothing less!

Colts grew horses, beards turned gray,
Deacon and deaconess dropped away,
Children and grandchildren — where were they?
But there stood the stout old one-hoss shay
As fresh as on Lisbon earthquake day!

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED: it came and found
The Deacon's masterpiece strong and sound.
Eighteen hundred increased by ten; —
"Hahnsum kerridge" they called it then.
Eighteen hundred and twenty came; —
Running as usual; much the same,
Thirty and forty at last arrive,
And then come fifty and FIFTY-FIVE.

Little of all we value here
Wakes on the morn of its hundredth year
Without both feeling and looking queer.
In fact there's nothing that keeps its youth,
So far as I know, but a tree and truth.
(This is a moral that runs at large;
Take it. — You're welcome. — No extra charge.)

FIRST OF NOVEMBER, — the Earthquake day, —
There are traces of age in the one-hoss shay,
A general flavor of mild decay,
But nothing local, as one may say.
There could n't be, — for the Deacon's art

Had made it so like in every part
That there was n't a chance for one to start.
For the wheels were just as strong as the thills,
And the floor was just as strong as the sills,
And the panels just as strong as the floor,
And the whipple-tree neither less nor more,
And the back-crossbar as strong as the fore,
And spring and axle and hub *encore.*
And yet, *as a whole*, it is past a doubt
In another hour it will be *worn out!*

First of November, 'Fifty-five!
This morning the parson takes a drive.
Now, small boys, get out of the way!
Here comes the wonderful one-hoss shay,
Drawn by a rat-tailed, ewe-necked bay.
"Huddup!" said the parson. — Off went they.

The parson was working his Sunday's text, —
Had got to *fifthly*, and stopped perplexed
At what the — Moses — was coming next.
All at once the horse stood still,
Close by the meet'n'-house on the hill.
First a shiver, and then a thrill,
Then something decidedly like a spill, —
And the parson was sitting upon a rock,
At half-past nine by the meet'n'-house clock, —
Just the hour of the Earthquake shock!

What do you think the parson found,
When he got up and stared around?
The poor old chaise in a heap or mound,
As if it had been to the mill and ground!
You see, of course, if you're not a dunce,
How it went to pieces all at once —
All at once and nothing first, —
Just as bubbles do when they burst.

End of the wonderful one-hoss shay.
Logic is logic. That's all I say.

Georgius Secundus: George II of England, who was born in Hanover. He was a stupid little monarch, and, though king of England, was German in all his ideas and speech.

Lisbon-town: The great earthquake which nearly destroyed the city of Lisbon, Portugal, and cost forty thousand lives, occurred Nov. 1, 1755.

Braddock's army: the expedition against Fort Duquesne, held by the French, which resulted in the defeat of the British and the death of General Braddock, the commander.

the Deacon swore, etc.: The expressions used in the lines following represent the Yankee manner of talking.

Settler's ellum: elm-tree planted by the original settler of the town.

found in the pit: found in the pit in the tannery.

encore: again, once more; here it means "also."

working his Sunday's text: composing his sermon.

fifthly: Old-fashioned ministers used to divide their sermons into numbered parts.

Logic is logic: What has this to do with the poem?

THE EAGLE

By Alfred, Lord Tennyson

HE clasps the crag with hookèd hands;
Close to the sun in lonely lands,
Ringed with the azure world, he stands.

The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls;
He watches from his mountain walls,
And like a thunderbolt he falls.

HOW HEREWARD SLEW THE BEAR

By Charles Kingsley

HEREWARD the Wake lived about the time of the Norman Conquest, and is one of the heroes of early English history. With his band of outlaws he opposed the invaders and held the island of Ely against the Normans until driven out by William the Conqueror. Many legends have sprung up about his name, and Charles Kingsley has collected them and woven them into an historical novel. As Kingsley tells the story, when Hereward became an outlaw he went to live with a notable person named Gilbert of Ghent. This Gilbert kept caged in one corner of the courtyard of his manor a menagerie of wild beasts; among them was the Fairy Bear, an animal half human and terrible beyond words. Hereward longed to try his strength against this monster in combat, but his host had always refused permission. Our selection relates how Hereward finally obtained his wish.

AS Hereward was coming in one afternoon from hunting, hawk on fist, with Martin Lightfoot trotting behind, crane and heron, duck and hare,

slung over his shoulder, on reaching the courtyard gates he was aware of screams and shouts within, tumult and terror among man and beast. Hereward tried to force his horse in at the gate. The beast stopped and turned, snorting with fear; and no wonder, for in the midst of the courtyard stood the Fairy Bear, his white mane bristled up till he seemed twice as big as any of the sober brown bears which Hereward yet had seen; his long snake neck and cruel visage wreathing about in search of prey. A dead horse, its back broken by a single blow of the paw, and two or three writhing dogs, showed that the beast had turned (like too many of his human kindred in those days) "Berserker." The courtyard was utterly empty; but from the ladies' bower came shrieks and shouts, not only of women but of men; and knocking at the bower door, adding her screams to those inside, was a little white figure, which Hereward recognized as Altruda's. They had barricaded themselves inside, leaving the child out, and now dared not open the door, as the bear swung and rolled towards it, looking savagely right and left for a fresh victim.

Hereward leaped from his horse, and drawing his sword, rushed forward with a shout which made the bear turn round.

He looked once back at the child; then round again at Hereward; and making up his mind to

take the largest morsel first, made straight at him with a growl there was no mistaking.

He was within two paces; then he rose on his hind legs, a head and shoulders taller than Hereward, and lifted the iron talons high in air. Hereward knew that there was but one spot at which to strike; and he struck true and strong, before the iron paw could fall, right on the muzzle of the monster.

He heard the dull crash of the steel; he felt the sword jammed tight. He shut his eyes for an instant, fearing lest, as in dreams, his blow had come to naught; lest his sword had turned aside, or melted like water in his hand, and the next moment would find him crushed to earth, blinded and stunned. Something tugged at his sword. He opened his eyes, and saw the huge carcass bend, reel, roll slowly over to one side, dead, tearing out of his hand the sword which was firmly fixed into the skull.

Hereward stood awhile staring at the beast like a man astonished at what he himself had done. He had had his first adventure, and he had conquered. He was now a champion in his own right — a hero of heroes — one who might take rank, if he went on, beside Beowulf, Frotho, Ragnar Lodbrog, or Harald Hardraade. He had done this deed. What was there after this which he might

not do? And he stood there in the fulness of his pride, defiant of earth and heaven, while in his heart arose the thought of that old Viking who cried in the pride of his godlessness, "I never on earth met him whom I feared, and why should I fear him in heaven? If I met Odin, I would fight with Odin. If Odin were the stronger, he would slay me; if I were stronger, I would slay him." There he stood, staring and dreaming over renown to come, a true pattern of the half-savage hero of those rough times, capable of all vices except cowardice, and capable, too, of all virtues save humility.

hawk on fist: In olden times hunters employed hawks in the chase; when not in action the bird was usually hooded and carried on the hunter's left fist.

Martin Lightfoot was Hereward's attendant.

Berserker: Those Norse warriors of heathen times who are said to have been subject to such fits of fury in battle that they resembled angry wild beasts.

ladies' bower: an apartment devoted to the especial use of the ladies of a noble household.

iron talons: the claws of the bear like iron hooks.

Beowulf: the hero of the oldest epic in English.

Ragnar Lodbrog: a legendary Norse viking supposed to have invaded England about the end of the eighth century.

Harald Hardraade: King of Norway 1046–1066. He invaded England in 1066 and was defeated and slain at the battle of Stamford Bridge.

CRANFORD FOLK

By Elizabeth Cleghorn Gaskell

ELIZABETH CLEGHORN GASKELL

Elizabeth C. Gaskell, an English novelist, was born at Cheyne Row, Chelsea, Sept. 29, 1810. Her early life was spent at the small town of Knutsford, which place and people she has reproduced in her novel "Cranford." After her marriage to William Gaskell, a Unitarian clergyman, she took up her residence in Manchester, where she became much interested in the condition of the mill workers, and during the cotton famine rendered valuable service in relieving the distress of the poor. Her first novel, "Mary Barton," was published anonymously in 1848; this was followed by other stories, which were received with popular favor. "Cranford" is perhaps her most successful novel; the story is simple but interesting, the characters are faithful to life, and a tone of humor characterizes the whole work. Mrs. Gaskell died Nov. 12, 1865, shortly after the publication of her last novel, "Wives and Daughters."

IN the first place, Cranford is in possession of the Amazons; all the holders of houses, above a certain rent, are women. If a married couple come to settle in the town, somehow the gentleman disappears; he is either fairly frightened to death by being the only man at Cranford evening parties, or

he is accounted for by being with his regiment, his ship, or closely engaged in business all the week in the great neighboring commercial town of Drumble, distant only twenty miles on a railroad. In short, whatever does become of the gentlemen, they are not at Cranford. What could they do if they were there? The surgeon has his round of thirty miles, and sleeps at Cranford; but every man cannot be a surgeon.

For keeping the trim gardens full of choice flowers without a weed to speck them; for frightening away little boys who look wistfully at the said flowers through the railings; for rushing out at the geese that occasionally venture into the gardens if the gates are left open; for deciding all questions of literature and politics without troubling themselves with unnecessary reasons or arguments; for obtaining clear and correct knowledge of everybody's affairs in the parish; for keeping their neat maid-servants in admirable order; for kindness (somewhat dictatorial) to the poor, and real tender good offices to each other whenever they are in distress, — the ladies of Cranford are quite sufficient.

"A man," as one of them observed to me once, "is *so* in the way in the house!" Although the ladies of Cranford know all each other's proceedings, they are extremely indifferent to each other's

opinions. Indeed, as each one has her own individuality, not to say eccentricity, pretty strongly developed, nothing is so easy as verbal retaliation; but somehow, good will reigns among them to a considerable degree.

The Cranford ladies have only an occasional little quarrel, spirted out in a few peppery words and angry jerks of the head; just enough to prevent the even tenor of their lives from becoming too flat. Their dress is very independent of fashion; as they observe, "What does it signify how we dress here in Cranford, where everybody knows us?" And if they go from home, their reason is equally cogent, "What does it signify how we dress here, where nobody knows us?"

Then there were rules and regulations for visitings and calls; and they were announced to any young people who might be staying in town, with all the solemnity with which the old Manx laws were read once a year on the Tinewald Mount.

"Our friends have sent to inquire how you are after your journey to-night, my dear" (fifteen miles in a gentleman's carriage); "they will give you some rest to-morrow, but the next day, I have no doubt, they will call; so be at liberty after twelve — from twelve to three are our calling-hours."

Then, after they had called: —

"It is the third day; I dare say your mamma

has told you, my dear, never to let more than three days elapse between receiving a call and returning it; and also, that you are never to stay longer than a quarter of an hour."

"But am I to look at my watch? How am I to find out when a quarter of an hour has passed?"

"You must keep thinking about the time, my dear, and not allow yourself to forget it in conversation."

As everybody had this rule in their minds, whether they received or paid a call, of course no absorbing subject was ever spoken about. We kept ourselves to short sentences of small talk, and were punctual to our time.

I imagine that a few of the gentlefolks of Cranford were poor, and had some difficulty in making both ends meet; but they were like the Spartans, and concealed their smart under a smiling face.

When Mrs. Forrester, for instance, gave a party in her baby-house of a dwelling, and the little maiden disturbed the ladies on the sofa by a request that she might get the tea tray out from underneath, every one took this novel proceeding as the most natural thing in the world, and talked on about household forms and ceremonies, as if we all believed that our hostess had a regular servants' hall, second table, with housekeeper and steward, instead of the one little charity-school maiden,

whose short ruddy arms could never have been strong enough to carry the tray upstairs, if she had not been assisted, in private, by her mistress, who now sat in state, pretending not to know what cakes were sent up, though she knew, and we knew, and we knew that she knew that we knew, she had been busy all the morning making tea bread and sponge cakes.

It was considered "vulgar" (a tremendous word in Cranford) to give anything expensive, in the way of eatable or drinkable, at the evening entertainments. Wafer bread-and-butter and sponge biscuits were all that the Honorable Mrs. Jamieson gave; and she was sister-in-law to the late Earl of Glenmire, although she did practice such "elegant economy."

"Elegant economy!" How naturally one falls back into the language of Cranford! There economy was always "elegant," and money spending always "vulgar and ostentatious"; a sort of sour grape-ism which made us very peaceful and satisfied.

the Amazons were a fabled nation of warlike women. The Greeks seem to have been the first to conceive the idea, but it has cropped up here and there since their day.

Manx: pertaining to the Isle of Man, a small island in the Irish Sea that has a good deal of independence and many curious local customs.

Tinewald Mount is in the Isle of Man on the way from Castletown to Peel.